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Charming gown of heavy quality sand crêpe de Chine. The bodice has inset panels of flame georgette with sand crêpe de Chine appliqué, embroidered flame, gold, and self, which is continued at waist. A band of crêpe de Chine falls from the yoke, is held captive at waist, and is finished with flame georgette embroidered at foot. The gauged apron tunic completes this desirable and inexpensive gown.

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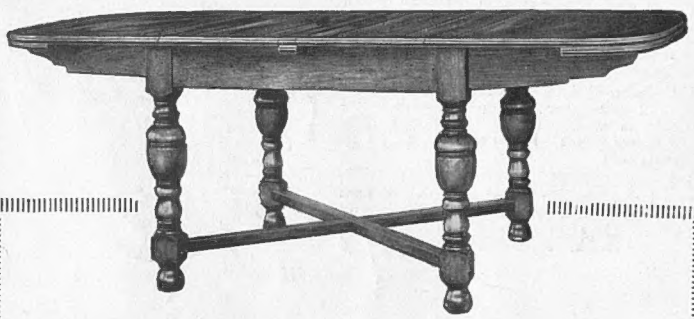

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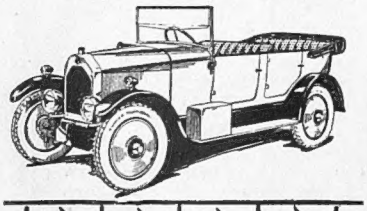



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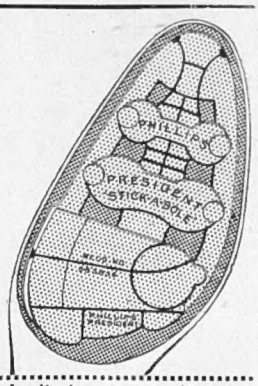


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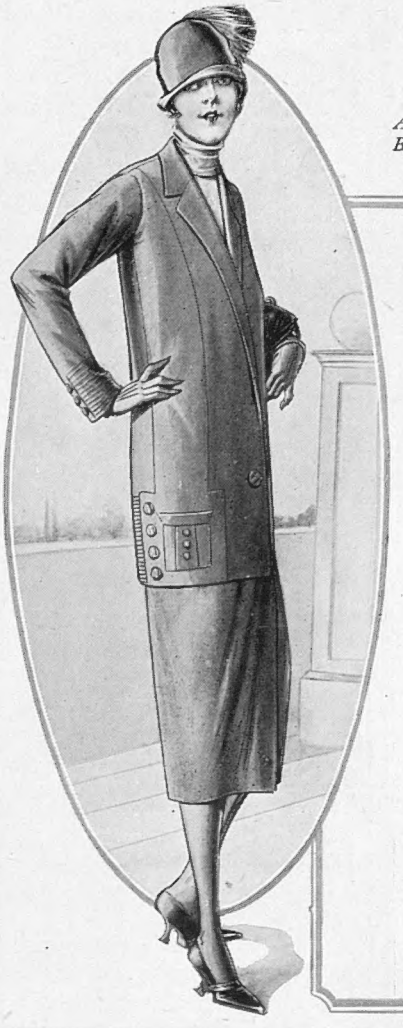

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*Sent on approval.*

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## Aerlite Sports Hats

The "Alba" Aerlite Fur Felts are as light as air—and the quality being right — they are fitting completion to any smart sports, walking or morning outfit. Aerlite Hats will give long wear, and be as comfortable on the first as on the last day of wear. Above all, they are in the forefront of fashion, and are the very best of good taste.

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Or in fine Pastel shades of White, Champagne, Light Saxe, Helio, Mignonette Green, and Light Cinnamon. Price **25/6**

*Good selection and the attractive New Book of "Alba" Fashions sent free on request to*

**Greensmith Downes**
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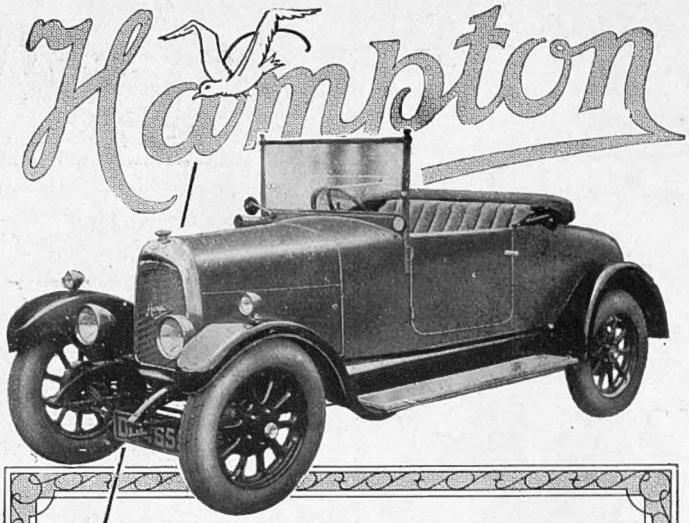

## for SMOOTH RUNNING

—for fierce acceleration and hill-climbing powers extraordinary — for perfect comfort over the roughest roads—for an ease of control in keeping with the bodily ease of its luxurious accommodation. And — above all — Hampton for value; twenty shillings' worth of sterling *quality* for every pound of its purchase price.

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*Dear Madame,*

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*No Consultation Fee.*

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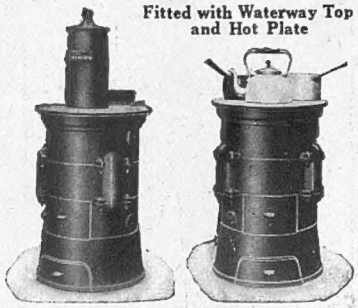
## The "WENTWORTH" BOILER

**Fitted with Waterway Top and Hot Plate**



Boiler fitted with removable Top Feeder for keeping in all night.

Boiler with Top Feeder removed and plug inserted for use in cooking and boiling.

**For GARAGE & GREENHOUSE HEATING**
(As particulars below.)

This Boiler is suitable for Central Heating and providing Hot Water for Domestic Purposes. The top of Boiler is fitted with a Hot Plate, or Hob, which is very effective for boiling and simple cooking operations.

| Size of Boiler | Capacity in 4in. Pipes Lineal ft. | Tapping | Diam. of Smoke Pipe | Price exclusive of Smoke Pipe |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| No. 4 16in. x 12in. | 170 | 1¼in. | 5in. | £5 14 4 |
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| ,, 6 16in. x 24in. | 220 | 1¼in. | 5in. | £8 13 9 |
| ,, 7 16in. x 30in. | 250 | 1¼in | 5in. | £10 5 3 |

| GREENHOUSE | ft. | ft. | ft. | GARAGE | ft. | ft. | ft. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| No. 4 Boiler, | 12 | x 44 | x 8 | No. 4 Boiler, | 35 | x 40 | x 10 |
| ,, 5 ,, | 12 | x 48 | x 8 | ,, 5 ,, | 40 | x 40 | x 10 |
| ,, 6 ,, | 12 | x 56 | x 8 | ,, 6 ,, | 40 | x 45 | x 10 |
| ,, 7 ,, | 12 | x 64 | x 8 | ,, 7 ,, | 45 | x 45 | x 10 |

Or same cubical contents.

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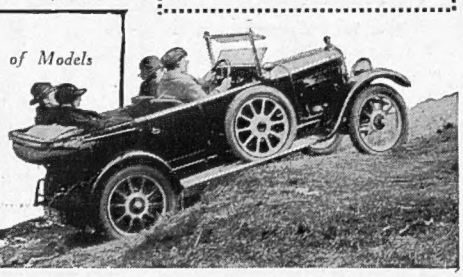

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**R.A.C. TEST. 40 M.P.G. on 23 H.P. Car.**

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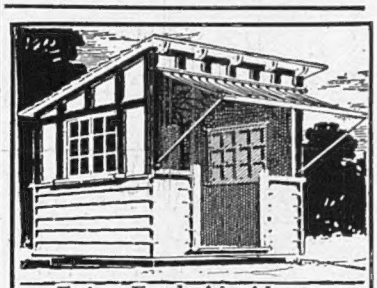

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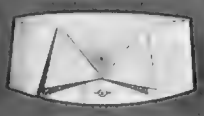
**THAMES SIDE, READING.**

# COLLARS

*1575*

*IN the Elizabethan period preference was given to the Ruff Collar. It was often starched yellow.*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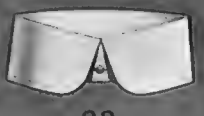
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## 1925

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They retain all their fine qualities after many launderings.

There is a shape and size to fit every neck.

The Double Shapes have a natural Tie Groove which allows the Tie to slide freely.

They are inexpensive.

10½d. each. Six for 5/-

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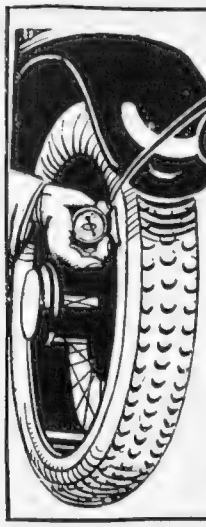

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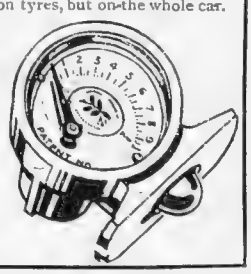
before you start may save hours of trouble on the road, for equal inflation means easy steering, less vibration, greater comfort, decreased wear and tear, not only on tyres, but on the whole car.

A simple pressure of the TRIATIRE on the tyre side, without disturbing valves, risk of losing valve caps, or soiling the fingers, shows at a glance if your tyre inflation is O.K.

Size only 2 ins. x 2 ins. x 1½ ins. Weight only 3½ ozs. Suits all types of tyres.



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Also two-button length **6/11**

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Eight-button length **13/9**

*Write for copy of Harrods Brochure—'Gloves and Hosiery'*

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in both Plain and Twill

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In making use LESS QUANTITY, it being so much stronger than ORDINARY COFFEE.

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*Patent or Coloured Kid with plaited strap, side appliqué and heel in contrast.*

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at half cost **50/-** each, post free.

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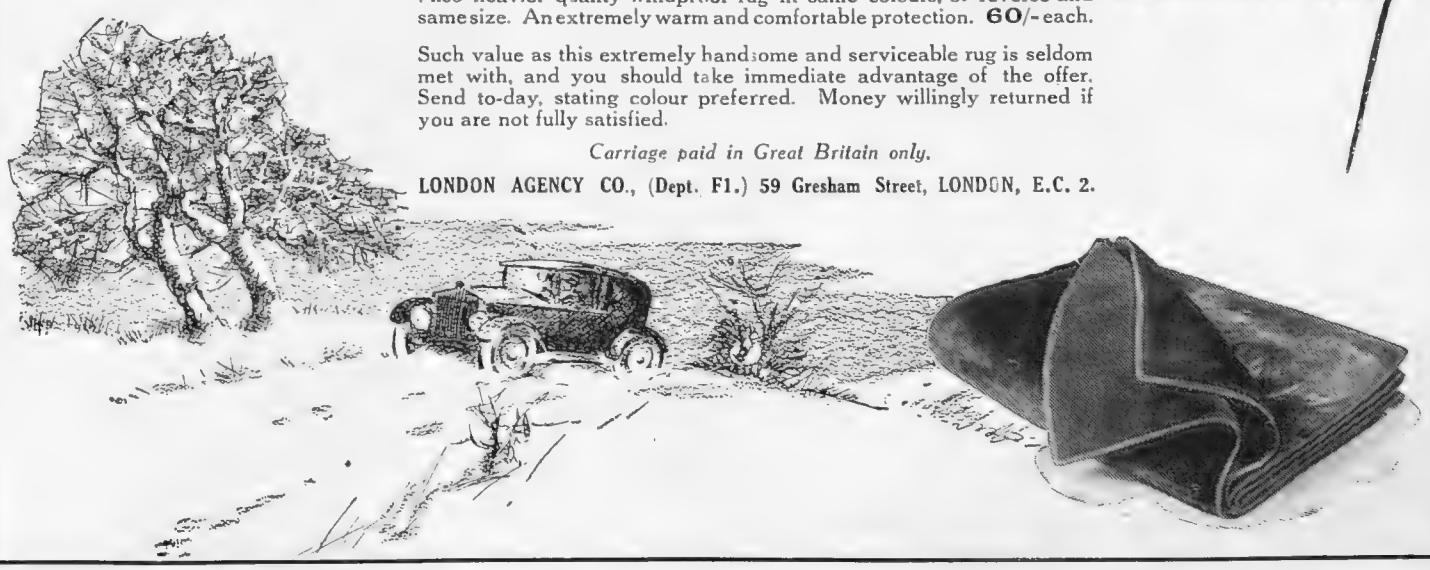
**AT HALF COST**

**50/-**

**EACH POST FREE**



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*Established* 1868.

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are you spending your

# SUMMER HOLIDAYS

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| AT MARGATE | AT BRIGHTON | AT EASTBOURNE |
|---|---|---|
| THE CLIFTONVILLE HOTEL | HOTEL METROPOLE | THE BURLINGTON HOTEL |

*THE GORDON HOTELS LTD.*

*Managing Director:* FRANCIS TOWLE.

*IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT.*

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The Bystander, April 22, 1925 No. 1116 Vol. LXXXVI

# The BYSTANDER

*Bassano*

## THE HON. ADELAIDE BIDDULPH

The elder daughter of Lord and Lady Biddulph. Her father, who is the second Baron, is one of the Governors of Guy's Hospital

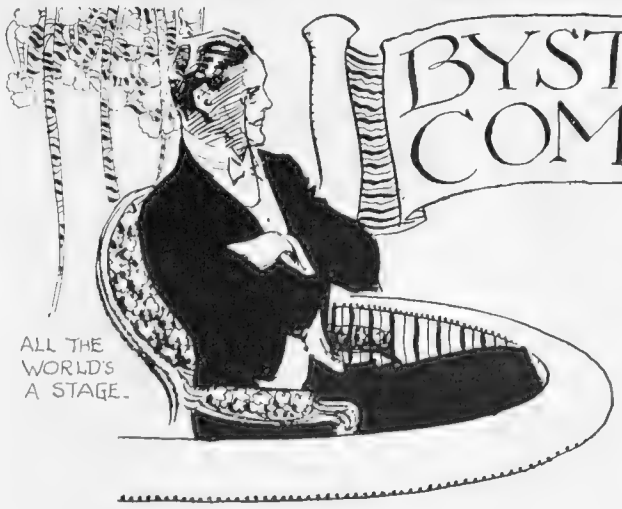
# Dead Silence in Court! An Ancient Scottish Tragedy

BY E. T. REED

THE KING: "Scottish humour-r isna fat it wis! We'll noo hae a lament frae the pipes to cheer's a wee'"

RAMSAY THE JESTER (*forbear of a somewhat modern Ramsay the would-be wit*): "It's maist distressin' ifter a mon has mem'r-rised wi' enor-r-mous labour-r (an' the expense o' a wee bit capital) some fairly laffable eencidents! Ma private seckertries maun be losin' their sense o' humour-r!"

# BYSTANDER COMMENTS




## Catching a Laugh

HUMOUR is a funny thing—sometimes. What is one man's smile is another man's yawn, and I imagine that the life of the professional humorist must be very like the life of the fisherman—he never knows when he is likely to catch the big laugh. Either he may be fishing in a pool full of small smiles or smelts, or he may, like my old friend Rafael Sabatini, hook a 46 lb. salmon.

## Half-a-Dozen Aunts

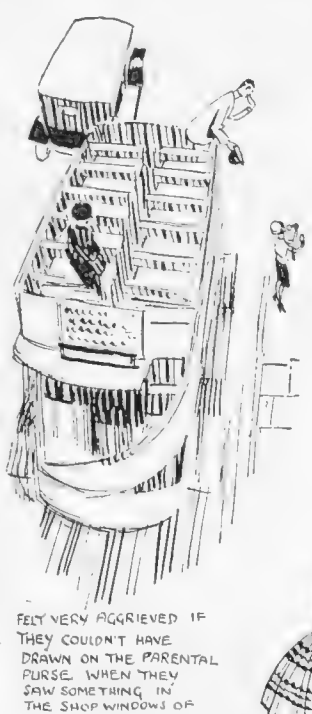
I WAS constrained to think along these rather laughing or lugubrious lines by a visit paid to the private show of *Charley's Aunt* (film version) at the Tivoli Theatre. Coming out into the sunlight of the Strand, we found half-a-dozen "aunts" giving away Brazil nuts. It was a comical idea, and I watched our faces as we realised what was happening. Some of us nudged our neighbours and said, "Look! Isn't that funny!" as we grabbed at the proffered nut, but others of us looked down our noses and murmured "How ridiculous!" as we hurried to our superior and joyless suburbs.

## His Dilemma

Is it funny to dress six young men in long black skirts and grey wigs? Is it funny to give Brazil nuts to visitors who have laughed for two hours at the comicalities of *Charley's Aunt*? I don't suppose that question will ever be satisfactorily answered. If you think it is funny—it is funny. If you think it silly—it is silly. And that is the dilemma in which the professional humorist will always find himself.

## We Shall See

A VERY famous theatrical manager who is opposed to the broadcasting or filming of plays tells me that such broadcasting or filming kills the original play stone dead. He gave four examples of famous old touring plays that have been killed by being put on the films, and he bet his shirt that the same thing would happen to *Charley's Aunt*. For the sake of the owner of the copyright I hope this won't be the case, but it is an old saying that you can't have your cake and eat it, and if the play were mine I should expect its wholesale dumping on the provinces to have some reflex action on its value as a touring property. We shall see.

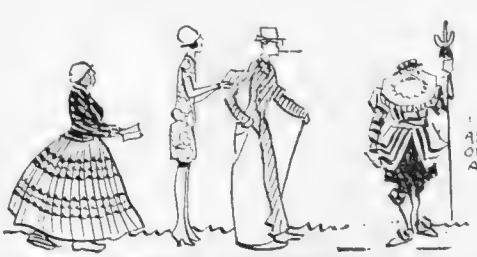



## A Cricket Rumour

THIS rumour that Maurice Tate might play for one of the Northern Cricket Leagues is very disquieting. No one imagined for a moment that the All-England and Sussex bowler would forsake the pleasant playing-field at Hove, but the fact that some guileful organiser is dangling a bunch of Treasury notes in front of his nose is a disturbing thought. The Bishop who referred to the transferring of professional footballers as being on a par with the sale of slaves was not so very wide of the mark, when you think that the same man can play for two rival teams on succeeding Saturdays. If anything of that sort creeps into cricket, then cricket will have to find another name for itself, and that's all you can say about it.

## Village Rugger

TALKING of football, it was my very refreshing experience to see a game of Rugger played between village teams on Saturday last. It was a great game, and the winning try, scored by a local fisherman, was one of the best efforts I have seen. To listen to the pundits of the Sports Club—splendid fellows, mark you!—you might imagine that Rugger is a game for public school men, just as Soccer is a game for the more humble masses. I'm sure they don't mean to be snobby, but as you listen to them you can't help noticing that their thoughts never stray far from Richmond or Twickenham, and that a good deal of class feeling enters into the comparisons they draw between the two codes. It would do some of these highbrows good to get down into the West of England and see the local lads training on to become first-class players. They would learn that Rugger is the



"FROM PILLAR TO POST" BY BAM

THE MAN IN THE STREET: "I beg your pardon, sir, but have you got a *penny stamp* in that bag of yours?"

better game because of the class of play rather than the class of the man who plays it.

### I Go To the Tower

HEARING that all sorts of new sights were to be seen at the Tower of London, I went round with a guide and half a hundred country visitors on Thursday of last week. I can't say that I was shown much that I hadn't seen before, but it struck me that the professional "patter" was getting a little on the Socialist side. Of course, I know from the story of *Captain Blood* by Sabatini (how that man *does* keep cropping up in these notes!) that Judge Jeffreys was a very bad man, but the way that guide kept rubbing it in was rather beyond a joke. He was also very unfriendly towards Richard III in the matter of the two Princes, and, after all, Dickon *was* King of England and, as such, could do no wrong. I'm afraid I wandered off on my own as we neared the spot where the wives of bluff King Hal met their untimely ends, or my Royalist feelings might have been still further outraged.

### A Phonographic Play

HAVE you noticed how virtuous we all get when there is a little free publicity knocking about? All the London managers who failed to secure Freddy Lonsdale's phonographic play (as Mrs. Malaprop might call it) are combining to sing swan songs of the poor old British drama. How they would love to find a second *Spring Cleaning!* But I am afraid they have left it too late, for the pendulum is very obviously on the swing, and public taste is veering round towards—what? Nobody knows, or, if there is such a lucky one, he is keeping his golden secret very close.

### Playing at Poverty

I HAVE been asked to sympathise with the poor young author—Oxford, of course—who has been forced to "go steerage" when visiting America. I'm afraid I have no pity to waste on these sad young souls who manage to do their globe-trotting in spite of the poverty they seem so anxious to advertise. Poverty, after all, is a very elastic term, and I have met artists "starving in Chelsea" who would have felt very aggrieved if they couldn't have drawn on the parental purse when they saw something in the shop-windows of Knightsbridge or Sloane Street that really took their fancy.

### Adventures in the Provinces

JOSÉ COLLINS is due back from her foreign travels in Edinburgh, Glasgow, Manchester, and other unknown corners of Great Britain, and London will see her as "Frasquita" a night or two from now. From all accounts she has had a hectic time, having been half-stunned by a large stage ornament on one occasion, and having been carried to the station at Sheffield, in which town she had her foot cut with a broken glass. I suppose these things could also happen in the West End, but evidently a provincial tour remains the adventure it has always been to the theatrical star.

### The Comedy of Figures

THE figures for last month's overseas trade returns were presented to an anxious public by two morning papers under the following headlines:—

(*a*)
OUR FOREIGN TRADE
SLIGHT RISE IN EXPORTS
HIGHER ADVERSE BALANCE

". . . there is unfortunately little indication in last month's overseas trade returns of any real improvement in the outlook."—*Daily Telegraph.*

(*b*)
£9,201,000 RISE IN BRITISH EXPORTS
GOOD TRADE FIGURES FOR MARCH
BEST SINCE JULY

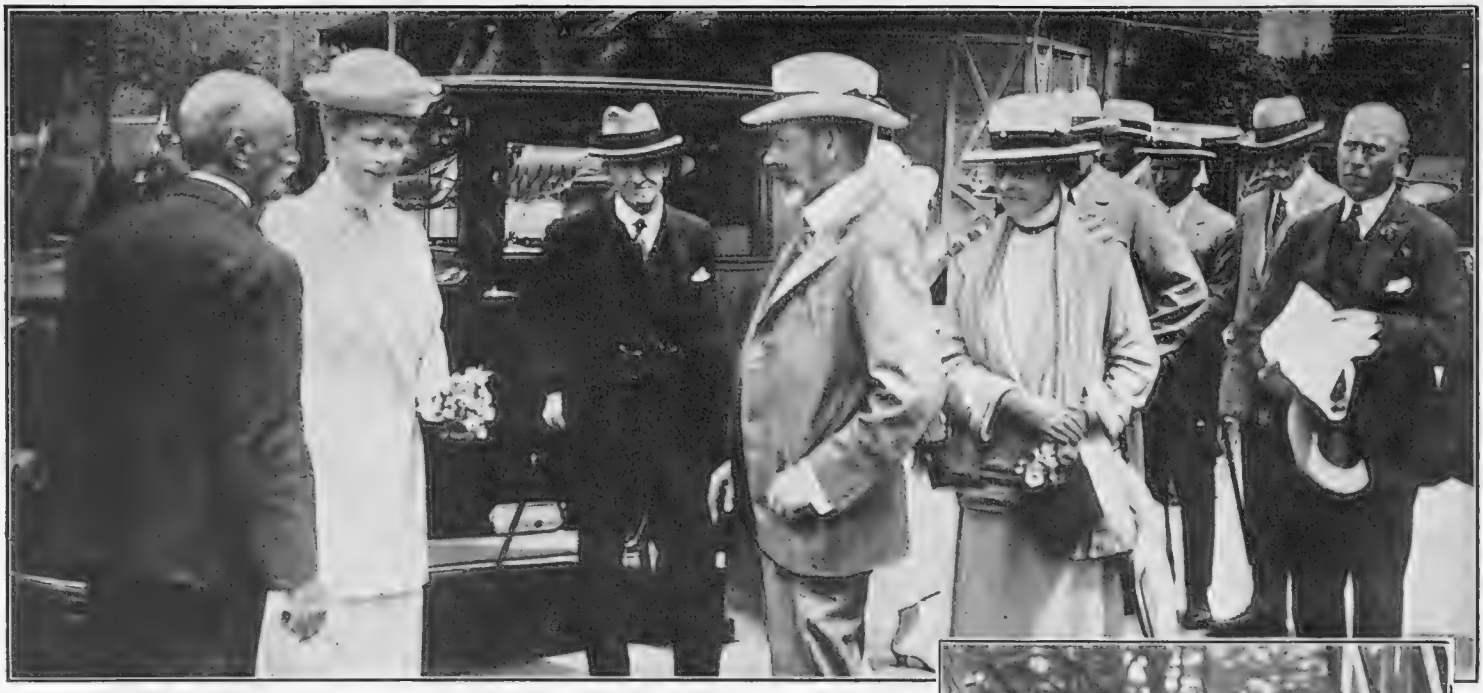
"The returns of overseas trade for March are extremely satisfactory."—*Daily Express.*

So now we know!

# Topical Weeknesses

*BY H. H. HARRIS*

SOME PICTORIAL NOTES OF THE MARCH OF EVENTS



IN SICILY *Central News*

**Their Majesties the King and Queen and Princess Victoria being received on their visit to Syracuse. They visited the Cathedral, the Museum, and also the famous Greek theatre during their tour of the island**

# Who, When & Where

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

HOME AGAIN *Central News*

**Prince and Princess Arthur of Connaught photographed in the West End. They have recently returned from a visit to India, where they were accorded a great reception**

### *A Compliment to the Prince*

A FEW days before the Prince of Wales departed for his South African tour he motored down to luncheon with some friends in the country. After luncheon the five-year-old daughter of the house was brought into the drawing-room to be presented to the august visitor.

But—as it afterwards came out—Miss Five-Year-Old was furious at being "put into a party dress when there was no party," and "having her hair all combed and bobbed about the minute after she had had her dinner." The consequence was that the little girl in a white dress and neatly brushed hair whom the fond mother presented to the Prince was scowling like one of the little devils on the water-pipes outside the Cathedral at Tours—the simile is her mother's, not mine.

Glowering, Miss Five-Year-Old was brought up to the Prince. He held out his hand. She put both her own behind her back and scowled at him.

"You haven't seen me before, have you?" said the Prince.

"Yes, I have," answered Miss Five-Year-Old, still scowling.

"But I've never seen you when I've been here," said the Prince.

Miss Five-Year-Old made what is called in the nursery "a face," and, being your faithful chronicler, I have to admit that there was also more than a suggestion of a little pink tongue sticking out from between two little red lips. Then she said:

"I've seen *you* lots of times. The nursery's got windows."

AN OPENING CEREMONY *G.P.U.*

**Princess Mary arriving at Danson Park, which she recently opened to the public. The spot was purchased by the Bexley Urban District Council a short time ago**

You can imagine the feelings of the mother, who had coached the child most carefully.

The Prince was greatly amused. He talked with the little lady. Gradually the frowns and scowls disappeared, and finally she sat upon his knee. Suddenly she slipped down to the floor. Taking several paces backward she turned round and round, and then sank down making a "cheese" with her little white dress, and bowing her little head—not a curtsey, but a *plongeon de la Cour*.

The Prince rose and bowed to the little mite, a bow of circumstance from the waist.

"I told Nurse I wouldn't do it," Miss Five-Year-Old explained to the Prince, "but you're so nice I felt I just had to."

The Prince told the mother afterwards that he had never received a greater compliment.

### *Sargent and His Sitterr*

It was always difficult to decide whether Sargent perpetuated the weaknesses of his sitters consciously or unconsciously. In the case of the Wertheimer family there could be no doubt of the artist's intention, the winking poodle seated beside Mr. Wertheimer, and the odd shadows—exactly like a pawnbroker's sign—cast by the test-tube in the portrait of the chemistry-loving Wertheimer son, alone are proof.

But in the case of one portrait, Sargent pilloried a character mercilessly and quite unconsciously. The sitter was a friend of his. She was what is called a "nice woman," but she gave a good many people the impression that actually she was not so "nice" as she looked.

Well, Sargent painted her portrait, and there, in paint, was all that many people had thought but had never said. The portrait was hung in the lady's country house, and Sargent did not see it for some years. When he did he was horrified.

*Vandyk*

**THE WEDDING OF THE WEEK**

**Mr. Ronald Aird and his bride, Miss Viola Baring, younger daughter of Sir Godfrey and Lady Baring, the popular host and hostess of Nubia House, Cowes, with their bridal retinue. Mr. Ronald Aird is a grandson of Sir John Aird, whose firm built the Assuan Dam and is a keen Hampshire cricketer. The bride and her sister, Miss Peppy Baring, are well-known in Society**

*Central News*

**IN THE DUCHY**

**Senatore Marconi, photographed at Boskenna, with Miss Elizabeth Paynter. The Senatore came ashore from his famous yacht "Elettra"**

*Sport and General*

**ENGAGED**

**Miss Joan Madelein Sheriffe, the elder daughter of Capt. R. T. O. Sheriffe, of Goadby Hall, Melton Mowbray. Her fiancé, Mr. Edward Greenall, is the second son of Sir Gilbert Greenall, the President of the Royal Agricultural Society**

"How could I have painted such a caricature of you?" he said. "Please destroy this, and let me paint you again."

I don't know whether the first portrait was destroyed, but the second portrait was painted. And it was much crueller than the other one. But Sargent could not see it.

### *Just the Point of View*

The announcement of the four Courts on May 21 and 22 and June 25 and 26 is said by an evening paper to have set the hearts of *débutantes* and their mothers in a flutter. But in commonsense how could the official announcement have caused any "flutter" to anybody?

It is a fixed rule now that two Courts are held towards the end of May, and two towards the end of June, each two on consecutive evenings. As applications for presentations have to be made to the Lord Chamberlain on January 1, how can the announcement of the actual dates cause any fuss or "flutter"?

Some of the newspapers are very comical in their announcements of social events—unconsciously comical, of course.

*I.B.*

**RECEIVING THE PRINCE**

**Sir Alexander Ransford Slater, the Governor of Sierra Leone, photographed with Lady Slater in the grounds of the Residency. They entertained the Prince of Wales on his recent visit**

For instance, one paper says that the Royal Academy will open on May 4, "as already stated in the ——— ———." But, good my people, hasn't the Academy opened to the public on the first Monday in May ever since you and I can remember? particular newspaper sets them all out as if the gentlemen who made the list, which is headed "Brilliant Events in Prospect," had just made the discovery of their existence.

Of course, it may be that he has. I'd forgotten that possibility.

CAMERA CORNER *Alfieri*

**Lady Miles, Miss Taylor and Mr. Donner at the Wincanton Steeplechases at Hatherleigh**

And hasn't there been the Royal Tournament at Olympia, Ascot, the International Horse Show, Henley, the Eton and Harrow match at Lord's, the Derby, Goodwood and Cowes since we first appeared, on this planet, and long before that? And yet this

A WALKING-ON PART *Central Press*

**The Marchioness of Londonderry and Mrs. Baird at the County Down Staghounds Point-to-Point Meeting at Ballyhaft**

### *Débutantes*

THE hearts of dressmakers should rejoice. The number of *débutantes* this year is unusually large, and amongst them are the daughters of all sorts and kinds of distinguished folk. The Duchess of Buccleuch will present her youngest daughter, Lady Angela Scott. Lady Angela's twin cousins, Miss Jean and Miss Marjorie Scott, the daughters of the Duke of Buccleuch's brother, Lord George Scott, whose wife is a step-sister of the Duke of Rutland, will likewise make their first curtsey at Court.

Another interesting *débutante* is Lord Haig's eldest daughter,

JUMP-RACING IN IRELAND *I.B.*

**Lord and Lady Talbot de Malahide watching the Irish Grand National Steeplechase at the Ward Union Meeting at Old Fairyhouse on Easter Monday**

Lady Alexandra Haig, to whom Queen Alexandra stood godmother. Lady Haig, as the Hon. Dorothy Vivian, was a Maid-of-Honour to Queen Alexandra, and was married to Lord Haig, then a Major-General, in the private chapel at Buckingham Palace.

Another Duchess presenting a daughter is the Duchess of Manchester. Lady Louise Montagu is her second daughter. Lady Kylsant will present her only unmarried daughter, Miss Honor Phillipps; and Lady Denman, Lord and Lady Cowdray's only daughter, will present her girl, Judith, likewise an only daughter.

Then there is Miss Elizabeth Jolliffe, Lord and Lady Hylton's daughter; Lady Irene Pratt, Lord and Lady Camden's daughter; Lady Dorothea Ashley-Cooper, Lord and Lady Shaftesbury's

*Alfieri*

AT HATHERLEIGH

**Mrs. de Wend Fenton, Major Montefiore and Mrs. Taylor Whitehead at the Wincanton 'Chases**

second girl; and Lady Diana Bingham, the younger of Lord and Lady Lucan's two daughters. The list is endless, but one very interesting presentation will be that of Lady Gwendoline Jellicoe, Lord Jellicoe's eldest daughter, whose appearance at Court has been delayed for two seasons because of her father's service in New Zealand.

I must just add that Lady Roden will present her elder daughter, Lady Elizabeth Jocelyn, and that Lady Lewisham, Lord Dartmouth's daughter-in-law, will also present her eldest daughter, the Hon. Mary Legge.

### *Distinctly Confusing*

I SEE that the marriage of Mr. Raymond Ashton, the only son and heir of Lord Ashton of Hyde, to Miss Brooks has been postponed until June owing to the illness of the prospective bride's mother, the Hon. Mrs. Marshall Brooks.

But how muddling these Ashton peerages are! There is a Baron Ashton of Ashton, whose patronymic is Williamson. That peerage was created in 1895. Then there is Baron Ashton of Hyde, created in 1911, with the family name of Ashton. How can you know which is which? Lord Ashton of Ashton has no son. His only daughter is Viscountess Peel. Lord Ashton of Hyde has one son—the gentleman whose marriage has been postponed.

Both the Lords Ashtons are the first barons. Mr. Raymond Ashton's bride-to-be is a niece of the second Lord Crawshaw, whose father, like her future father-in-law, was a Lancashire magnate. As there was already a Lord Ashton one wonders why the powers that decide these matters permitted a second. However, I can tell

you this, Lord Ashton of Hyde could not have taken that title without the permission—or lack of protest—from Lord Ashton of Ashton. When Lord Hardinge of Penshurst was offered a peerage on his appointment as Viceroy of India—he was then Sir Charles Hardinge—he suggested Lord Penshurst. But a barony of Penshurst lies somewhere among the many titles belonging to the Sidney family. The late Lord De L'Isle and Dudley protested to the Heralds' College. The protest held good, and thus the title of Lord Hardinge of Penshurst came into existence. And this is rather muddling, too, as his elder brother was Viscount Hardinge, a title now borne by his nephew.

OVER THE TOP G.P.U.

The Hon. Imogen Grenfell, Lord Desborough's younger daughter, on "Laddie" in the Berks and Bucks Staghounds Point-to-Point meeting at Sonning. Miss Grenfell won the Ladies' Nomination (Open) Race, a cup for which was presented by Mrs. Gomer Berry

IN LINE OF BATTLE—FOR LUNCH L.N.A.

A "course" of their own at the Berks and Bucks Staghounds Point-to-Point. Our photograph shows: (left to right) Lady Myrtle and Lady Norah Jellicoe, Miss Imeson, Miss Pamela Cayzer, Master Robin Cayzer, Sir Herbert and Lady Cayzer, Lady Prudence Jellicoe and Lady Jellicoe who has recently returned with her husband Admiral Lord Jellicoe, from New Zealand

### *An All-British Concert*

AN interesting All-British radio concert has been arranged by the *Manchester Evening Chronicle* and the *Daily Dispatch* to be broadcast from the Manchester central station on—appropriately enough—St. George's Day (to-morrow). The artists include Mr. Hamilton Harty and members of the Hallé Orchestra, Mr. J. H. Squire's Celeste Octet, Mr. W. H. Squire ('cello), Miss Doris Vane (soprano), and Mr. Frank Mullings, the B.N.O.C. tenor.

*Sport and General*

A BLOW IN THE "PARK"

Mrs. Prioleau and the Baroness Furnivall at the Royal Artillery meeting at Sandown Park

HIGHLAND POINT-TO-POINTERS *Central News*

The Countess of Lindsay (left) with her nephew and his wife at the Fife Hunt Point-to-Point

FOUR BEFORE "FORE"

Lady Meyer (left), Mrs. Eric Loder, Mrs. L. Cohen and Monsieur Georges Carpentier, awaiting their turn on the links at Le Touquet

# The Riviera Week by Week

By DOUGLAS W. THORBURN

CANNES

THE French Riviera was looking most attractive for Easter, and the many visitors who had travelled south in time to spend that holiday week-end by the Mediterranean were delighted. The sun was brilliant, the sea was a deep blue, the air was most invigorating, and the villa gardens were a perfect blaze of colour. It was, of course, ideal weather for tennis and golf, while sea-bathing suddenly increased in popularity, although it has never really been out of fashion throughout the whole winter. The "Sunshine Club" comprises a large number of members who have indulged daily in swimming and physical culture exercises on the sands at Cannes during the past six months or so, and many of them took part in the open swimming and diving contests, followed by a water-polo match, which attracted a big crowd on Easter Sunday to the beach in front of the Carlton.

A FEATURE of the past few months has been the number of visitors who have decided to make their homes here, and have accordingly bought villas. Sir Jesse and Lady Boot—the former already greatly benefited by his new surroundings—are now in residence at the famous Villa Springland, where the beautiful gardens are looking their very best. Great local interest has been aroused by the news that Sir Harry Mallaby-Deeley has just bought a fine property, the Villa Les Fayeres, in the same neighbourhood. Diana Lady Rhodes, a native of California, is another visitor who has been so pleased with her winter here that she has purchased the Castel St. Jean, which has been tenanted for

*Photographs* *Alfieri*

AT THE "STARTING POST"

Lord and Lady George Wellesley awaiting the word "go" at the starter's box. They have been putting in some hard golf at Le Touquet

the past season by General Sir Arthur Paget. Lord Wolverton has taken over his new country estate near Mandelieu, while Commander and Mrs. Cunningham Denison and Mr. and Mrs. George Mostyn are also among the newly registered owners of properties, having bought two interesting villas at Mouans-Sartoux, not far from the Country Club at Mougins. It is very significant that in each case these new residents propose to spend a considerable part of the summer here as well as the usual fashionable winter months. Cannes has plenty of natural advantages to offer, even when the Casino and many of the luxury shops have closed for the quiet season.

MR. FRANK JAY GOULD'S new tennis club, now in excellent condition, adds eleven new hard courts to the large number already established in Cannes. There is a charming and picturesque little club-house, built and furnished in the old Provençal style, Mr. Gould having personally ransacked the district

TWO UP AT THE "NINETEENTH"

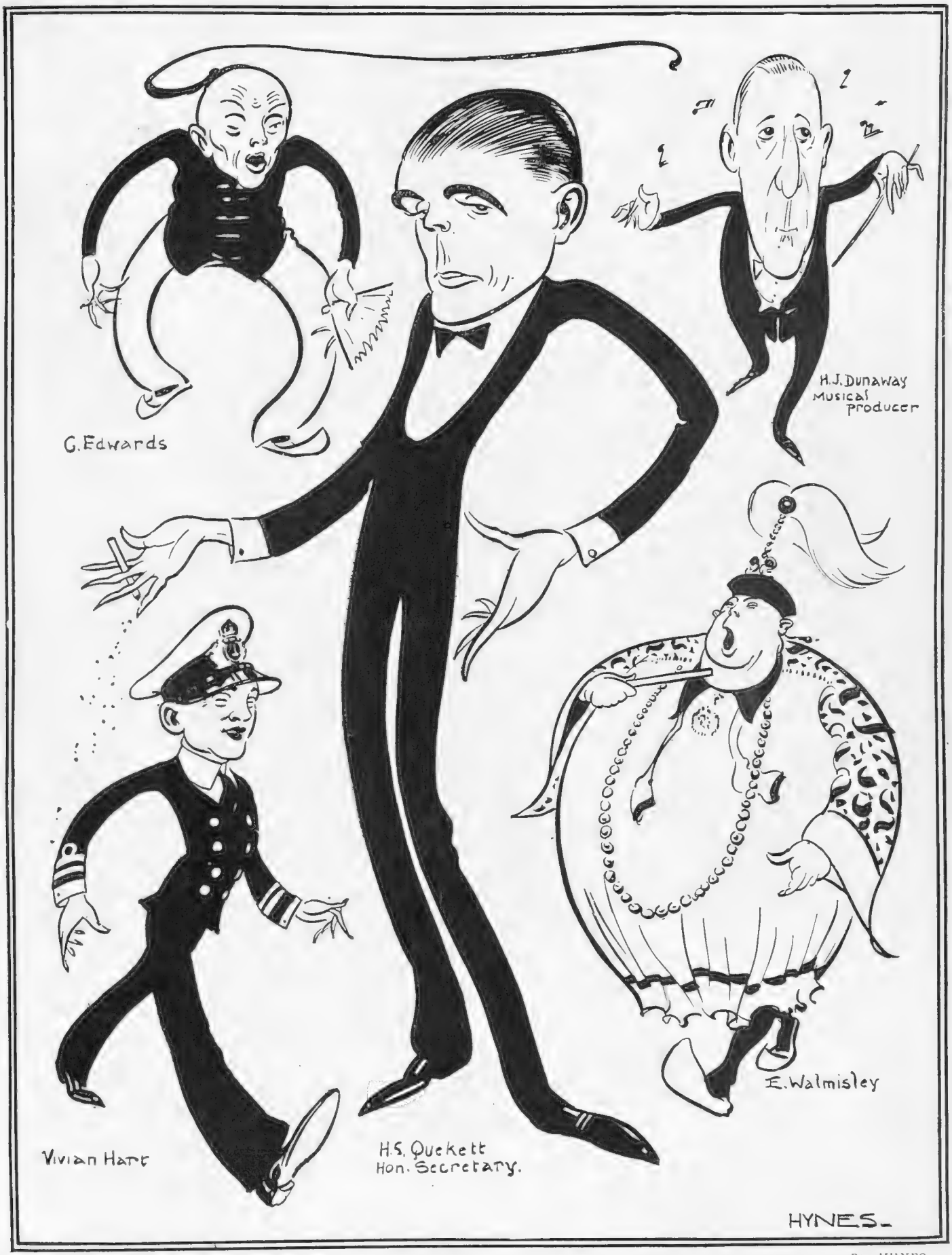
Lord Dunmore (left) and Major Ian Hay Beith at the club-house at Le Touquet. "Ian Hay," it is stated, goes round in *much* less than a "Hundred Thousand"!

to find quaint specimens of furniture for it. It has in addition a quite up-to-date American bar, shower-baths, and all the other modern equipment necessary for a sports club of this kind. The whole place has been laid out regardless of expense, and next season it will be the scene of at least one open international tennis tournament.

THE Casino closes on the last day of April, after a very satisfactory season. Its profits are reported to be in the neighbourhood of 27,000,000 francs, which may be one reason why the old Casino at Juan-les Pins, closed since pre-war days, has just been taken over by a new syndicate, polished up, and opened in style preparatory to a long summer season. A new casino is to be constructed at St. Raphael, with two Englishmen on the board of directors—which is somewhat unusual in France—and these new enterprises indicate the faith of business men in the future of the Côte d'Azur. The enormous Majestic Hotel being built at Cannes by the directors of the Carlton is growing rapidly, and is announced

(Continued on page 224)

# Some Assets of a Sound Company




*By HYNES*

Our artist's impression of a few principals in the Stock Exchange Dramatic and Operatic Society which is staging "The Geisha" nightly at the New Scala this week. There are over a hundred members in this fine cast—well above par in more senses than one!

as being opened in November next, and keeping open all the year round. If the hotel proprietors generally will only realise that it is bad business policy to quote exaggerated prices, and to raise them without notice in the middle of a season, the prosperity of this beautiful region will increase at a phenomenal rate. Some of them have had a lesson during the past season.

D. W. T.

# *Sport on the Riviera*

## MOTOR-BOAT RACING

THE annual motor-boat regatta, transferred this year—experts say with beneficial results—from Monte Carlo to Cannes, was one of the last of the open-air excitements of the Riviera. It finished, after having lasted for eleven days, just before Easter. As a disinterested onlooker without any pretensions to technical knowledge, it struck me that the sport in the present stages of its evolution is somewhat unreal, and that these racing motor-boats are little more than rather wonderful but extremely fragile toys. A cynical friend of mine remarked that one of three things usually happened in the majority of cases, either the boat capsized, or else her engine "conked out," or else she did not come to the starting line at all! This was perhaps a little severe, but the daily percentage of accidents and absentees was certainly the reverse of negligible. I can recall one race in which the boat which was fourth or fifth for the greater part of the course was the ultimate winner because something went wrong before the finish with each of the boats in front of her.

THE fastest boat was Miss Carstairs' *Newg* (1½ litres), principally, as it seemed to me, owing to the excellent design of her hull; she threw up a much smaller wave when going at full tilt than any of the others. She won her first race, achieving a speed of 76 kilometres an hour, but broke down in her second, and capsized at one of the turns in her third, and I gather that she could not be reconditioned and tuned up in time to do any more racing. The most consistent boat, and therefore the one that scored the most in the long run, was Mrs. Johnson-Noad's *Miss Empire*—another 1½ litre. Less consistent, but a very fast boat, was Captain Woolf Barnato's *Ardenrun*, so that England was worthily represented in the racing classes. Of those funny contraptions which are propelled by aeroplane engines with aerial propellors, known in France as *hydro-glisseurs*, there was only one that was any good at all. She achieved one day a speed of 74 kilometres an hour.

"LITTLE-PLAY" AT CANNES *Marc Le Noir*

**A little exercise in the gentle art of "le trotting" as indulged in by the rising generation on La Croisette at Cannes**

## LAWN-TENNIS

THE long tournament season on the Riviera—nearly as long nowadays as our own summer season in England—came to an end on Easter Monday with the finish of the Monte Carlo (Beausoleil) meeting, where a mild sensation was created by the early defeat of Lord Cholmondeley in the Singles by R. Gallèpe, a maker of fine strokes, but one whose mobility is strictly limited owing to the weight of a somewhat portly frame. Presumably, this set-back impaired Lord Cholmondeley's confidence, for later on he and Colonel Mayes were unexpectedly beaten in the men's Doubles final, which they seemed to have in their pockets, by C. F. Aeschliman and the American, J. R. Tunis. Colonel Mayes won the Singles "according to plan," and Lord Cholmondeley was consoled for his defeats by a victory in the Mixed Doubles with the incomparable Suzanne. By the way, I saw her the week before at Cannes playing some practice matches with a male opponent of first-class rank. She was in tip-top form, and the manner in which she stood up to him was positively wonderful. No other woman in the world could have done it. But in practice, of course, she is care-free. Which reminds me that the one fly in the ointment of an otherwise interesting Riviera season is that Miss Ryan never encountered Suzanne, and that Mlle. de Alvarez did not encounter either of them. Among the men Colonel Mayes was invincible until H. L. de Morpurgo and Gordon Lowe came along. Then Morpurgo beat Mayes at Nice, and was in his turn twice beaten by Lowe. Finally came Lacoste who dethroned Lowe. The great occasion when the "big four," Lacoste, Lowe, Morpurgo, and Mayes, were semi-finalists was the large Monte Carlo meeting in February; but its concluding stages were washed out by bad weather. Mayes was anxious for his revenge against Morpurgo, but the chance never came. Of these four, Lacoste was undeniably the best, and Lowe the next best, whilst on paper, Morpurgo comes third. But I think he would have a very hard job to beat Mayes at his best. Another veteran, Brame Hiliyard (who, like Mayes, is forty-seven years old), deserves honourable mention. He shares with Lowe the honour of having won a set off Lacoste.

H. S. S.

HOLIDAYING AFLOAT

**Mrs. Austen Chamberlain, Lord Askwith, Mr. F. Morse-Rummel and Captain Dreyer the commander of the S.Y. "Meteor" on which they have been cruising in the Mediterranean**

# From Our Portrait Gallery

*Angus Faith*

## THE HON. MRS. ERIC LONG

A charming studio portrait of the wife of Major the Hon. Eric Long, only surviving son of the late Lord Long, and uncle of the present peer. Mrs. Long is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. R. Hague Cook; her mother is a sister of the late Sir Charles Elliot, the last holder of the baronetcy which became extinct on his demise

# MOTLEY MUSINGS

HULLO, BYSTANDER! *Stage Photo Co.*

**Mr. Jack Buchanan, invested in his motley, slips out of "Boodle" at the Empire to have a look at our Jester's page**

No, after all, a gymnasium for M.P.s is not to be installed at Westminster. Listeners to Mr. J. H. Thomas are of the opinion that there is quite enough Jim there already.

. . . . .

We read that some years ago a Parliamentary burlesque was written in which the scene was laid in the Chamber of Horrors. No theatrical manager would look at such a production to-day. Just imagine how many would be in the cast!

. . . . .

"Which is the dangerous age?" asks a contemporary. Some say the Roaring Forties; but most race-goers would plump for the two-year-olds.

. . . . .

In a melodrama recently produced in the provinces a property snake was used. The curious, sibilant sound usually made by such a reptile was supplied by the audience.

. . . . .

"I'll lay you ten to one any horse and give you a run," roared a bookie before the three o'clock race at the last meeting. We watched him faithfully perform the last half of his promise at the conclusion of the race.

While one's house is being spring-cleaned, "the proper study of mankind" is rendered uninhabitable.

. . . . .

Two Russian comedians are billed to appear this week at a London music-hall. We trust they will be funny without being volga.

. . . . .

That gentleman who defined golf as the pursuit of pale pills by purple people was on the fairway to being an observant fellow.

. . . . .

At the wedding celebrations of a coster, we read that the guests, who numbered eight, consumed nine bottles of whisky. It sounds as though it were a swill affair.

. . . . .

*A decidedly decadent poet*
*Wrote a poem but never would show it.*
*The beginning was this:*
*"A long, lingering kiss,—"*
*And the end—(oh you're too young to know it!)*

By Stan Terry

**A BAWL GAME**

She: "What's your handicap?"
He (*sadly*): "Er—the language!"

A certain Rugby football club is going to hold a ball. They may, but we've seen them play several times this season *and*——!

. . . . .

*We know an old chap who's so ranc'rous,*
*So grossly perverse and cantank'rous,*
*That he vows that Hall Caine*
*Is an island in Spain,*
*And that Hong-Kong is outside*
*St. Pancras!*

. . . . .

Less coffee is said to be consumed in the House of Commons now than formerly. We suppose members are afraid it might keep them awake after dinner.

. . . . .

"You're in a pretty state," stormed his wife. "Why, you can't even walk straight!"

"Thash all ri," replied the impenitent one, "it was a rotary dinner!"

. . . . .

"Don't you think that the way Doris dresses proves that she ought to be in a lunatic asylum?"

"Well, her legs certainly suggest the padded room!"

. . . . .

From a provincial paper: "Last night at the Club Institute Mr. Thompson read a paper on blackmailers. We estimate that there were fifty present."

. . . . .

"Have you seen Johnson lately?" enquired one motoring speed-merchant of another.

"Unfortunately," remarked the latter, "I ran across him last night!"

. . . . .

Bobby was told to write a sentence in Latin about Nelson. His difficulty was whether he should use the Horatio Obliqua construction.

. . . . .

Biddy*

*I'm not a fellow who gets on with girls:*
*Never had no sort of luck;*
*I loved alone*
*Biddy Malone,*
*Then Biddy gave me the chuck!*
*One day she said to me, "What would you do*
*If I should now expire?"*
*I said, "If that would*
*Happen, the fat would*
*Certainly be in the fire!"*

Refrain:

*Biddy said, "Oh!"*
*Biddy said, "Go!"*
*Biddy kicked up a row;*
*So I've no gal*
*To be a pal—*
*No-Biddy loves me now!*

(**All musical rights reserved.*)

HARTLEY CARRICK

# Scandal!

BY THORPE

"Oh yes, dear; didn't you know? She lives with her husband!"

*Sport and General*

**BRIGADIER-GENERAL R. J. KENTISH, C.M.G.**

**Who has given up his post as Honorary Secretary of the British Olympic Association in order to devote his enormous fund of energy to the new national movement of "playing fields for all"**

# *A People Without Play*

*By E. P. LEIGH-BENNETT*

No more convincing evidence of the value to the nation of physical recreation and training need be furnished to an observant person than a visit to the Aldershot Command on any week day throughout the year. Here you can see, and it is a remarkable spectacle, what can be done with money, organisation, and discipline, and the will to help men who have scant means of helping themselves. The Aldershot Command recreation fields with their 100 football grounds, 26 cricket pitches, 71 tennis courts, and 31 running tracks are a very pleasant sight to any man who recognises the potency of "the game" and of teaching men to play it as it should be played. The game, in every sense of the word, is very well played at Aldershot, and indeed throughout the Army, because there are officers in the seat of government who have been brought up to play it all their lives, and see to it that their men have the same advantages to bring about the same mental and physical results as they themselves enjoyed. Moreover, the difficulties are surmountable. If they want a road they build one—a new running track and football ground, they make one—and that is practically all there is to it.

Aldershot, or any Army Command Headquarters, on a sunny afternoon, with its thousands of fit men playing the game, is a very pleasant place to wander in. It makes you feel extremely glad you are an Englishman, who has in your time been as one of these 30,000 keen-eyed, alert, game-loving men.

But there is another picture. It is not an attractive one. It makes you feel rather ashamed of yourself. And it can be seen in any of our large cities for a tuppeny bus fare. It can be seen in London for the expenditure of a few pence. It should most certainly be studied, and quickly, by all the rubbish talkers who prate about the English Nation thinking of nothing but its games—they would abstain thereafter from such thoughtless phrases if they went and looked at the people without play. Their name is legion. They are in number uncountable.

Glance for a moment at that vague district known as Dockland, E. 16. It is typical of many other places. What do you see? An immense stretch of drab habitations, each house exactly like its ten thousand neighbours. They seem to continue, one street upon another, for mile after monotonous mile. There is no colour, no gaiety, no game. For there is nowhere to play it. And so the uncountable thousands of men and boys who live in these grey, featureless houses wilt and loaf—and long for a game. Wherever there happens to be a bald patch of earth, a mere rubbish heap of old tin cans, broken bottles and the débris of disused places, they make pathetic attempts to play some sort of game, because the urge of youth forces them towards physical exercise. Organisations such as The Dockland Settlement, and others, are doing magnificent work down there. But with the means at their disposal they are only scratching heroically on the surface of things.

On the outskirts of nearly every city, and particularly on the borders of Outer London, there are open spaces upon which the youth of the nation could and should be encouraged to learn to play games. But in nearly every place there is some sort of Local Authority or Governing Body, or Vested Interest, or a Nebulous Negative confronting the would-be game players with prohibitions and bye-laws, and the ogre of trespassing prosecutions which with one grim voice says No. Why is this state of things allowed?

The National Playing Fields Association, a newly-formed body, whose advent into public life THE BYSTANDER welcomes whole-heartedly, is now asking this question in a letter recently published in the Press all over England, and signed by prominent men whose views upon so important a subject are worthy of careful attention.

The gist of their letter and appeal is just this: That in every big city to-day a critical and in many cases a tragic situation has arisen in the utter lack of adequate recreation grounds for the people, upon which the health and efficiency of the country so largely depends. They attribute this, rightly, to lack of intelligent town-planning in the past; to the building of whole residential quarters with no deliberate provision for open spaces in connection with them; and also to the actual absorption for building purposes, roads and railways of fields suitable for equally necessary recreation [*i.e.*, fresh air and exercise], many of which were previously used for that purpose. They point out, most aptly, that our young people are continually being told to play and not look on, and the irony of this is that tens of thousands of those so exhorted have not a square yard of ground to play upon.

They urge that the Ministry of Health should give a much closer attention to these difficulties; and in the closest co-operation with the Local Authorities endeavour to find a solution to the problem. Secondly, they suggest the formation of a National Organisation, backed by State approval, to co-ordinate the efforts of all Municipal Bodies, and to do the very heavy executive work which would be entailed.

They also, very naturally, require money to help them to carry out these most praiseworthy objects. That this will be forthcoming can hardly be doubted in view of the importance of the project. The Honorary Organiser of the National Scheme is Brigadier-General R. J. Kentish, C.M.G., D.S.O., who did so much for Army athleticism. The offices of the Association are at 166, Piccadilly, W. 1. Every Bystander who has played the game in the past, and hopes to continue playing it in the future will wish the organisers the success they undoubtedly deserve.

# Our Cup Final Selections

BY MAC

Our artist's impressions of the twenty-two warriors who will take the field—and try to take the F.A. Cup—in the final round. The match is on Saturday at the Stadium at Wembley, and it is quite possible that a few spectators will stroll along to see it

*Foulsham and Banfield*

## A PAIL PERSON—BUT HALE

**Miss Binnie Hale as she appears in one of the scenes in "No No Nanette," the musical play which, if Rumour be true, is proving not altogether unsuccessful at the Palace Theatre**

*NEW SERIES*

# CLUB MEMBERS

By DELL LEIGH. *Illustrated by H. M. BATEMAN.*

## No. II.—"THE ARISTOCRAT"

THE inverted commas are necessary, for that is the title he would secretly wish you to assign to him, though perchance you may have a shorter designation for him on the tongue. This member is a direct descendant, or so you are led to suppose, of a distinguished family which dates back in an unbroken line, with no bars sinister or anything questionable of that sort, to the vague period of the Norman Conquest; possibly even before that if the truth was known. This dignified and immaculate individual has not been endowed with any ordinary sort of name like "Dogsbody" or "Smithers." Dear me, no! His is a very impressive name, something like Carleton-De Bellayres or Fairfax-ffolliotte, two small f's, a personal gift someone has been told, "to one of my ancestors by Richard *Cœur De Lion* during one of the Crusades, don't you know?"

You have to be extremely careful in this gentleman's company not to do anything which may lay you open to the quiet, but demoralising reminder that "it isn't done." If you are of a bellicose nature, coming, we can only assume, from doubtful Irish stock, and you flare up with the retort, "Don't be ridiculous, it *is* done, for I've just done it!" there will be no further remark; merely a deprecating lift of eyebrow and the stretching out of a shirt cuff, held in place with a crested sleeve link. He will never argue the point with you as to why, for instance, a man should not wear a collapsible opera hat at night, if he feels like it, in preference to the regulation "topper." He will merely utter mechanically the password of his race—"it isn't done"—but in a tone of voice which calls his dead ancestors to witness the present-day vulgarity of the world in general and of this "dreadful" club member in particular. His eyes ask mutely, "How did the feller get in?" as he moves away to a writing-table whence he can turn an immutable back upon all upstarts and social climbers.

When the season is in full swing you will see him sitting in the club window, in the full glare of an envious public eye, mentally thanking God he is not as other men are, nor even as this fellow coming along now in a P.Q. tie, which there is not a vestige of a reason to suppose he is entitled to wear—"'Strordin'ry cheek some people have got, upon my word!"

Take a look at him. Stand four-square to the Georgian windows if you like, and have a real vulgar London stare. It is a democratic country, outside the club, thank heaven! You will understand that your aristocrat must have about him what a terse theatrical manager would describe as "properties." He must have some apparent attributes to greatness. There is, of course, his name, very imposing of sound and impressive to the tradesmen, who, however, become a bit flustered and invariably write it down as "Carlton debelly" or "Farefax-Folly"—but tradesmen don't count with him. They are mere people to whom one is good enough to owe money. In addition to this he is tall and slim. It would be useless for a squat, portly person with thick ears to talk about "lineage." He would never "get it over," as they say in certain circles unknown to the aristocrat. His clothes, though beautifully pressed (the quaking club valet sees to that) are not always beautifully cut too. He will tell you that most men are over-dressed nowadays, and that he always goes, as his grandfather did, to "a little man in Duke Street." But there is "an air" about him of something you don't quite know what, repression chiefly you think, blended with a *hauteur* that makes you feel uncomfortably certain that you have dropped a brick of some sort. The rather fishy eyes, vapid and expressionless, gaze out over the arid wastes of Piccadilly or the pinnacles of Pall Mall, seeking vainly—what? Equality of caste somewhere? (Not in this club—they weren't like this in my father's day, too many blackballs rolling about then.) A proper appreciation of the social shibboleths which are to him as the breath of life? . . . .

Or is he waiting for that very charming but very poor Earl who is coming to tea to receive the fulfilment of the promise, given a few minutes after the introduction last night, of some absolutely authentic and very inside information about the imminent rise in the price of oil shares, of which the peer holds a tremulous hundred? The poor peer comes to tea, is very *bonhomie*, jocular, and a shade plebeian you would say, beside his grave, meticulously careful host, and departs full of information of a hair-raising kind, which, as he tells four men at Claridge's that night, he has heard "in the strictest confidence, mark you."

The tea-party has its desired aftermath. For, strange as it may seem, our aristocrat joins a group of men he does not in the ordinary way approve of at all, over a glass of ante-prandial sherry ("the old brown, please, not that light filth"), and at the first break in the desultory conversation you will hear him say in a coldly detached voice, as if it was a mere aside: "Yes, as I was saying to Lord Smirchbanner at tea just now. . . ." To be followed within five minutes, in case some ass may not have grasped the significance of the thing: "I'll let you know: Smirchbanner has promised to tell me how the horse does in its gallops; his brother, young Eustace Fitzgubbins, you know, has got a filly in the same stable. They're both old friends of mine."

Sometimes, not often, because the average club member has no time or

inclination to deal effectively with "aristocrats," our friend's pedestal is shaken. There is a certain London club whose members, women say, are famous for their infidelities, but are in the main "too perfectly sweet for words and gorgeous dancers, so it doesn't matter," wherein the choicest foregather in the hall for a milk and soda after dancing. To a motley and mellow crowd of such entered one morning, in the three a.m.'s, a certain famous "aristocrat." With that unfailing instinct for improving the impressive moment of entry he calls back to the night porter at the door: "Oh—er—Groves, put my suit-case on that taxi, and tell him to take it to Belvedere House, will you? I'll walk round there in a minute when I've had a drink. I'm staying there."

As everyone knows, Belvedere House has been the town residence of a line of Dukes for several centuries.

Wherefore arose a gentleman from a sofa and cried: "I say, Groves; when you've done that you might send my bag along to Rowton House, will you? I'm walking round there presently."

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***NEXT WEEK:***

No. III.

"THE ORACLE"

# "THE BYSTANDER" £500 GOLF TROPHY

**Tuesday, May 5th. London Country Club, Hendon**

"THE BYSTANDER" CUP TO GO TO THE WINNING PROFESSIONAL—

—AND A DUPLICATE CUP TO BE AWARDED TO HIS LADY PARTNER

Two years ago the proprietors of THE BYSTANDER presented a handsome Silver Challenge Trophy, valued at £500, for a golf competition, which, both from the novelty of its conditions and the unusual beauty of the Trophy, attracted widespread interest in golfing circles last year and the year before. The third year's competition for the Trophy is to be fought over the London Country Club's course at Hendon on Tuesday, May 5. It is to be a mixed foursome (professional partnered by a lady), played over thirty-six holes. About seventy couples are being invited from the leading golf clubs. Professionals will be rated at plus 4, and their lady partners limited to 18 handicap L.G.U., each pair receiving three-eighths of the combined handicap.

The Trophy is a handsome silver centre-piece representing a *combat à l'outrance* between the Earl of Douglas and Hotspur at the battle of Otterburn in 1388. James, the 2nd Earl of Douglas, is mounted on a charger; on his shield are plainly visible the Douglas arms, which the present Marquis of Queensberry now bears. Hotspur—the redoubtable Henry Percy, the 1st Earl of Northumberland's eldest son—is represented by the dismounted figure, bearing on his shield the crest of the Percy family.

THE BYSTANDER CHALLENGE TROPHY

Which is held by the winners for one year. It is valued at £500

The centre-piece was made in 1855. It shows extraordinarily fine finish and workmanship, and is valued at £500. The entries are rolling in fast now, last year's winner, George Gadd, being among the number. Those who have already signified their intention of competing, include:—

G. Adams, Hampstead.
A. Ashby, Letchworth.
Fred Cox, Pollards Hill.
M. Daragon, Tooting Bec.
G. Doughty, Edgware.
J. S. Fernie, Old Fold Manor.
F. H. Frostick, St. George's Hill.
H. Fulford, Northwood.
J. Fulford, Wimbledon.
George Gadd, Roehampton.
A. Havers, Coombe Hill.
R. Herd, Molesey Hurst.
H. C. Jolly, Foxgrove.
A. F. Kettley, Bushey Hall.
W. G. Oke, Fulwell.
J. Ockenden, Hanger Hill.
C. Trapp, London Country Club.
T. Trapp, Shirley Park.
H. Vardon, South Herts.
A. Wells, Wembley.
R. G. Wilson, Croham Hurst
P. Wynne, Chingford.
A. J. Young, Sonning-on-Thames.

# A Complete Wash-Out

*BY W. HEATH ROBINSON*

THE TRIALS OF SPRING-CLEANING AS ENDURED ON THE ARK

# THE BAMBOULA AT HIS MAJESTY'S

*Produced March 24, 1925*

By "JINGLE"

*Illustrated by MACMICHAEL*

THE Bamboula is Regent of Corona, though even with this detailed explanation, you are probably none the wiser. Corona is presumably somewhere in the smoke-clouds, while some of the characters in the piece are named respectively, Larranaga, Morales, Madura, Marsuma and Princess Muria, smokes which, as everybody knows, beat gaspers all the time. This system of nomenclature is quite a happy idea, since it enables the play to begin with a touch of lightness and unreality that gives the necessary halo to the airy romance. We first meet the Bamboula at an hotel in Switzerland, and there is a dark hint that he has run away from Corona with the Exchequer. Mr. W. H. Berry, as the Bamboula, does not deny the soft impeachment. Indeed, he almost admits its truth, otherwise where would he get the money for a holiday trip?

THE news of his impending arrival at the hotel naturally causes a flutter, especially in the feminine hearts. Just as each soldier of the Grande Armée is said to have carried a baton in his knapsack, so every eligible young lady is doubtless ready to marry into royalty if the happy chance should occur. It happens the Bamboula is late in arriving, and a young Englishman, Jimmy Roberts, who has been engaged as a dancer at the hotel, is taken by the manager for the Prince, and welcomed with honours accordingly. Indeed, the manager has to complain a little later that every lady arriving at the hotel has asked to have a room next to the Prince's suite, though, as they say in the Courts, it is not for us to impute motive. Jimmy Roberts is represented by Mr. Harry Welchman, who has not only the necessary presence, but is also happily endowed with a fine voice, and a native ability to act his part. His song in the second act, "If I Were King," is a fine piece of dashing romance, carried through with the nicely modified swagger that musical comedy always and inevitably associates with princes of the blood.

MR. W. H. BERRY has not so many opportunities for comic by-play here as he has enjoyed in other pieces, but by way of compensation, he has a couple of excellent comic songs. The first is a playful splash of nonsense called "After All These Years," which Mr. Berry seems to me to render with perfect comic art, the humour of which is heightened by the fact that his voice is really too rich to be spent on such a frivolous trifle. Mr. Berry repeats his success in the last act with the song "On Such a Beautiful Night," which is another gem of comicality. As the Bamboula, Mr. Berry receives news that his position of Regent is in danger, and as he has the power to nominate a deputy, he appoints Jimmy Roberts to be the temporary ruler of Corona. This light nonsense would not matter but for the fact that Jimmy has already met the heiress-apparent, Princess Muria, and now that he is to follow her to her own country any diligent reader of penny novelettes could tell you how the romance is going to end.

A GREAT feature of the first act is the saxophone chorus. This musical weapon can make as many noises as a fretful baby on a wakeful night, and it has the added advantage that it is a handy thing to keep about the house in case of burglars. I should say that one straight tap with a saxophone could be relied upon to send the most wakeful burglar to sleep. The chorus is led by Miss Mimi Crawford who is as light and bright as the entertainment itself. Miss Crawford skips about the stage with fairy-like nimbleness as she sings tunefully, and then the scene is suddenly invaded by about a dozen young men with saxophones in various stages of growth and fierceness. It is a fine, noisy turn, but I think it requires a special education to appreciate the fullness of its excellence. I feel sure if I heard a tumult of that kind outside my window late at night, I should instinctively turn to thoughts of amorous cats, and reach for an old boot or so.

THE romantic heroine of the piece is the Princess Muria, very daintily represented by Miss Beppie de Vries, who

is, I understand, a native of Holland. Miss de Vries speaks English a little imperfectly, but this quality is an advantage rather than otherwise, since she is representing a foreign princess. Jimmy Roberts, having met the Princess at the hotel without knowing who she was, has, naturally, fallen in love with her for herself alone; but when he reaches Corona and finds that Muria is a reigning Princess, or something of that sort, he realises the hopelessness of his passion.

The Princess is not without "chances." There is a deputation of Princes to her palace so that she may choose a husband of her own rank. But she will have none of them, which is not surprising, since they look as much like a row of "little Willies" as anything. Apart from this she has, of course, got her eye on Jimmy, and when he shows a little hesitation in pursuing her, in view of the fact that he is only a professional dancer, the Princess gives him a friendly lead, and the "Kiss Waltz" is the result. I expect this waltz will become very popular. It is a charming thing in itself, and the title of it is alone worth the price of admission. The song part of the turn explains what Jimmy's kiss told Muria; but kisses, I take it, ought not to be quite so loquacious as that. It is one of those occasions on which silence may be said to be golden. This "Dance and Duet" is delightfully rendered by Miss de Vries and Mr. Welchman, who can hardly have been seen to better advantage than in this piece.

Mr. Billy Leonard has a style of humour that is peculiarly his own, and it becomes at times, perhaps, a little overdone In the present production he has a mechanical aid in the shape of a comic match, the head of which flies off as soon as it is lit. Mr. Leonard's best song in the piece comes near the end, and he shares it with Miss Mimi Crawford. It is called "Sing a Song in the Rain," and it is a quite perfect type of musical humour which very rightly provokes a mighty storm of applause. Mr. Leonard has, also, in the first act a very droll song, entitled "The Bond Street Parade"; but he seems able to do better work when he has a foil for his playful antics; while as an agile dancer he is naturally at his best with such a lively partner as Miss Crawford. A small, but very well-acted part, is that of Schmälz, a Swiss hotel manager. This is taken by Mr. James B. Carson, who is the energetic Teuton to the life. Very well rendered is his song, "Where's the Manager?" with its burden to the effect that everyone is always asking for him personally. If a baby cries in the middle of the night, they send for him, and if a lady wants her frock buttoned up at the back—but, of course, that could never happen, because frocks don't have backs any more. *The Bamboula* is a straight musical comedy built according to approved specification, and it is presented with a richness and excellence that cannot fail to bring to it the usual success.

JINGLE

# An Idol Thought

BY RENÉ VINCENT

"Don't you think this delightful statuette beautifully embodies the untamed spirit of savagery?"
"Well, it certainly makes me wild!"

# PARISIANA By "René"

*ILLUSTRATED BY MARCEL PONCIN*

"To recover step with fashion"

MES AMIS—

ANOTHER of the Old Brigade who was being written off as a back-number has just demonstrated that he is very much *à la page*. The rather over-assured Young Men who have devoted a lot of time to sharing out the skins of the Lions are being taught by instalments that the Lions are still a very long way from being dead. And also, which is a matter for much greater heartburning, these reviving kings of the forest, when they do turn over in their sleep—which the adolescents had hastily and erroneously counted as their last sleep—have dashed off works which make the efforts of the juniors look very youthful and thin.

MAURICE DONNAY began this "come-back" of the ancients with a series of plays that splashed a lot of the minnows right out of the theatre pool, and now Marcel Prevost has made a similar splash among the hitherto highly contented young novelists. These rather unlikeable lads had been scoffing at Marcel Prevost. They sneeringly said that he was *fade*, altogether insipid, and not even "splendidly" null. His style—in comparison with their style—was not even pathetic, it was missing, totally and lamentably absent.

*En effet*, there was a difference between the style of these self-illuminated laddies and that of Marcel Prevost. They had an idea that if they grabbed hold of a pile of words, twisted them about like coils of wire in an old-iron store, and hurled them at the reader as a series of electric shocks, that was style at its most dazzling brilliance. M. Prevost has just taught them that a novel is a book and a story, not a display of fizzling fireworks. And the public has indicated that it still knows, and appreciates, a book, for where the word-torturers were selling in hundreds, Marcel Prevost's "*Sa maitresse et moi*" is selling in tens of thousands.

BY many people it is thought to be the best book he has written, which is additionally irritating to those who had classed him as a back-number. For one thing, M. Prevost does not produce a novel every other fortnight. He publishes only once in eighteen months, with the consequence that there is substance in the product. I shall not go into details of the story, for it is a book for French readers in its boldness of treatment, and might even shock English lady novelists. It is based on the theory that a suspicion, even if but momentary, will kill love. And in working this out M. Prevost has produced a story that is rich, full, and profoundly studied.

"You must now have a hand-painted frock"

ANOTHER Bal Julian has come and gone, but one does not feel quite so happy about it as usual. This latest Bal Julian had too many of the unsavoury features of the Quat'z' Arts. A handful of the revellers thought it an opportunity for the introduction of the "rough stuff." *Grand dommage*. If the Julian should become a miniature replica of the Quat'z' Arts, there would be little reason for its continuance. It could not possibly preserve the family atmosphere.

IT is all right for models to dance around posing as Eve. They are accustomed to it. And they have the opportunity to win prizes for being a better-favoured Eve than other models. But most visitors have neither the habit nor the inclination. One experience of compulsion will be sufficient to lead most of them to prefer the staid Ball of the Green Ribbon and the safer pose of Mimi Pinson at the window.

THE old tag that nothing succeeds like success must have been evolved before the days of *La Mode*, for it is just the very contrary to the truth in this sphere. You have heard of the very smart tailor-made long coats of tweed which Parisiennes have been wearing, coats with a

"The safer pose of Mimi Pinson at the window"

fit as perfect as that of the peel of an orange, in tweeds of captivating design that made every golfer ask the name of the tailor with a view to a suit of plus fours. *Eh bien*, they have been slain by success. You must not wear one any more if you wish to be considered really fashionable. The line between popularity and sudden death is perilously thin.

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If you want to recover step with fashion you must now have a frock that is hand-painted, preferably with a panorama or landscape, not just a garland of flowers. And, most important, if you wish to be recognised as knowing the "real thing," the line and the colour must harmonise with the character of the wearer—that is, the reputed character. Undiscovered "Vamps" are not bound to give themselves away by parading a picture of the murky Seine at midnight. They are at liberty to display Watteau shepherdesses demurely beribboning their crooks in the sylvan retreats of the Bois de Boulogne.

M. Georges Berr, author of gay comedies, has created a "character." It is rather a rare event, really, despite the flood of new plays, for a playwright to introduce a novel type. He calls his piece *I love Frederic*. One gets the impression that the author does love Frederic, and also that all Paris will love Frederic. Frederic is a delightful *trouvaille*. Frederic's job is to prove the theory that the charm of woman is the work of man; he is the magician who brings the latent charm to realisation. He takes an Auvergne *paysanne*, establishes her in Paris, and after a month or two of his special course, she is capable of holding her place with the most traditional of *élégantes*. Parisys as the *paysanne* transformed into *princesse* has a rôle that seems almost to have been written for her, though it is probably due entirely to shrewd casting. She was bound to be irresistible in the *maladresses* of the training period.

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Frederic can also train wives to become charming in the eyes of disappointed husbands. Isidore Leger had been delighted at the news that his severe, puritanical, provincial wife, whom he had not seen for months, was willing to consent to a divorce as it offered him the chance to marry someone considerably less forbidding; but when his wife came to discuss details with him he found her adorably transfigured. In the interval, she had been a pupil of Frederic; so Isidore did not look any further abroad. With a few Frederics around, the divorce court judges could take a very long vacation.

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I told you that Paris was becoming very worried about the inability to find anyone who could cheer her up, the one thing she desires above all others. You may have thought it mildly exaggerated, but M. Trebla is now seriously proposing that the authorities should take the matter in hand by the appointment of a Dictator of Pleasures, or a Minister of Public Rejoicings. And it is doubtful if there would be many candidates for the post even if it were very lavishly remunerated. The smile of Paris is a very bitter smile in these days, and it would require more than a dictator to banish the bitterness.

René

"The line must harmonise with the wearer"

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He: "Would you scream if I were to kiss you?"

She: "Well, you don't flatter yourself that I should be speechless with joy, do you?"

# A Dancer in Two Capitals

*By Abbé*

MISS DORA DUBY

The San Francisco dancer who, having recently finished a successful engagement on the Riviera, has signed a contract to appear with Maurice Chevalier in his autumn revue at the Casino de Paris. She is at present fulfilling a dancing engagement in New York

# THE COWARD

By G. A. CAMPBELL

IT was the fate of Marie Legard to be married to a person who was characterised as shiftless, and there was justification for the description. Pierre Legard was not fit even to be a member of the Quartier Latin. He drank heavily, gambled constantly, and loved widely. Marie's fate was a hard one; but she bore up bravely.

To the world Madame Legard never showed the suffering she endured, and although many of her friends may have guessed the girl's agony, only one really knew how greatly her unfortunate plight grieved her. Jacques Marillier was a privileged person, and often he would clench his hands and cry to the heavens that such a state of affairs must not be allowed to continue. He was a poet, and expressed his love for Marie in bad verse. Marie, however, had spent all her life in the Quartier Latin, and did not mind verse of any kind.

There came a time when Marillier's feelings had to be told otherwise than on paper, and in hot, burning words he poured out his admiration for her. But Marie stopped him.

"You forget, monsieur," she chided, "that I have a husband."

"Curse him!" growled Jacques, melodramatically, after hunting in vain for a couplet that would meet the case. "Why should that rotter stand between our love—for you do love me?"

"Maybe I shouldn't admit it," said Marie, demurely, and began to sob; "but I can't help loving you, Jacques. If only my husband——"

Marillier kissed her reverently on the brow.

"Marie," he said, brokenly, "you are a saint!"

. . . .

Marillier's love for Marie could not be hidden, nor did he desire that it should be. As he thought of Marie bound to a degenerate like Legard, he wrote verses that proved the poignancy of his sorrow; but they did not altogether satisfy him, and Marillier made a great resolution. He determined to see her husband and put the matter to him.

Pierre Legard was not pleased to be interrupted in the middle of a game of poker, but he grinned on discovering the identity of the visitor to the little gambling house.

"I love your wife!" said Jacques, without preamble.

"Poor devil!" commented Legard, commiseratingly.

"I love her, I tell you," repeated the poet. "Ah, she is indeed a saint."

"You don't know her."

"Dog!" cried Jacques.

He yelled so vigorously that the manager thought a police raid was forecasted, and switched on the levers that turned the gambling den into a mission hall. As the *habitués*, well-used to such a proceeding, lustily sung a hymn, Marillier dropped on his knees.

"A sign," he babbled. "A sign. She is a saint."

Legard did not disillusion him. He waited until Jacques should come to himself, and by the time the poet had plucked up courage to look around him again, the mission hall had disappeared, and poker was once more in swing.

"I don't know," breathed Jacques, "how you can flaunt so evident a warning!"

"Oh, don't be a fool," said Legard. "Even now, as in days of old, the saints have their trials and tribulations; and you are the devil sent to be that adorable woman's cross. But I—I shall release her."

Legard listened carefully while Jacques sketched out the plan that he had formed.

"I shall give you 90,000 francs if you go to Canada and never return," explained the poet. "The rules of poker are the same all the world over!"

"After you convince her I am dead, I suppose you will marry her?" asked Legard, pityingly.

"But of course. Do you agree?"

"I've been waiting on the suggestion," said Legard; "but I hardly thought you'd spring ninety thousand. Monsieur, I am at your service."

. . . .

Bodies of men who have been found drowned in the Seine are taken to the mortuary every day, but Marillier let Legard get well into mid-ocean before he went to Marie.

"There is something wrong!" she cried, with womanly intuition.

"Your husband—" started the poet, "your husband——"

"Dead?"

Marillier nodded. He accompanied her to the mortuary and pointed out a body that he declared was that of her husband.

"Ah, I knew he would come to a bad end," said Marie.

Jacques coughed discreetly, and led her away in a fainting condition. Throughout the whole affair, the poet was very discreet. He allowed three months to slip by before he proposed marriage, and Marie insisted that she should be a widow for six months.

Nothing could have been more wonderful than the relations of Marie and Jacques when they did get married. They were of the great lovers of the world. Instinctively he knew her every want, and spared no efforts to make her happy.

"She is a saint," he would whisper to himself with relish, "a modern saint."

But there came the inevitable quarrel.

"No wonder Legard agreed to leave you," said Jacques.

It was said in the heat of the moment, without a thought of the significance of the disclosure. Marie gave one long, terrible cry and collapsed on the couch, sobbing most bitterly. Contrition was in Marillier's heart as he bent over her.

"I'm a cad, Marie, I know I am," he muttered. "I shouldn't have told you, I shouldn't."

"Coward!" she sobbed. "Coward!"

"Yes, yes, I am," he agreed, almost eagerly; "but it was for love of you, *ma chérie*."

"Coward!" repeated Marie. "You did not kill him, after all!"

ADORE WAY AT A DOORWAY

Carol Dempster as Inga and Neil Hamilton as Paul in the D. W. Griffiths' film "Isn't Life Wonderful?" It is showing at the London Pavilion

# It Looks Like "Rain"!

BY DAVID WILSON

A prophetic impression of Mr. Basil Dean and Mr. W. Somerset Maugham, who hope to take London by storm with the production of the latter's "Rain" at the Garrick Theatre

# "Order Gentleman, Please"

G.P.U.

A scene from "Tea Shop Tattle," one of the items in "Charlot's Revue" at the Prince of Wales Theatre. Beatrice Lillie as a tea-shop girl is vainly trying to persuade Herbert Mundin to read the menu. He, however, appears to find "The Bystander" more appetising!

# YOGO HAMA ON MOTORING

MOST DEAR HON. SIR,

THIS are now Springtime when poetical gents disgorge cantatoes, when infantine muttons perform gambols on their greens and

"The moting car has grown to be democratic"

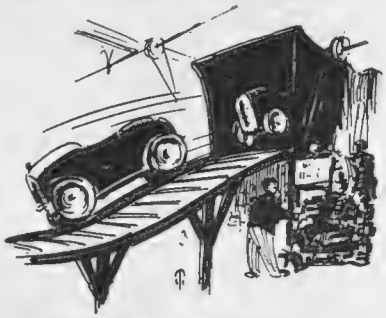
youthish persons turn their thoughts to consider love, kissings, nuptiallings and other seasonable delicacies. But alasly, I begroan, in these so romanticless days man are not loved for entirely himself alone, but because he has good bankings, and can make purchase luxurious perks which would cause to have fits in their graves, his Hon. ancestors. Even lower 10 persons who can boast to only possess 1 or 2 ancestors, if any, seek to acquire expensive blessings like as if they dated their births to Hon. Sir William Conqueror, Bart. Consider for instants, the moting car or petrol velocipede. To not possess 1 crowns you as an impoverish and completely non-account person who has entirely succeeded to only become a failure.

"I have become a complete motorist"

"I admit you, Mr. Y. Hama, there are some grains of salt in your words. Why for do we have this state of conditions?" you seek to require, Hon. Sir?

Because, I rejoint you, the moting car has grown to become so democratic, that even persons on almost their uppers or other last legs, can now afford themselves to acquire a car that shall modestly mote itself when filled with the requisite propelling fluid. Almost every day you shall see in the newsprints insertions like as vizly: "Very A.1 Rolls-Fordster complete with chassis and 4 wheels 17/6 cashes, or exchange for a cage-rabbit with lop-ears."

The moting industry, I adumbrate, has achieve so stupendous steps that these auto-propulsive vehicles are now ejected like as shucks from a pea at 1,000's per hour. This are very enormous achievements when we pause to imagine that not even such talent persons as Hon. Sir J. Caesar, Sir Napoleon B, or other great destinies who succeeded to conquest innumerous acres, rods, poles and perchs of earth, could not acquire a moting car! Indeedly, they were so ignoramus and non-sophisticate that if they had witnessed to see 1 of these speed vehicles propelling itself with non-visible means of support, they would have burst into fits and performed *hara-kiri*.

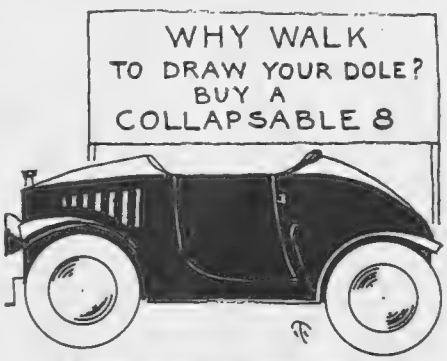


"Ejected like as shucks from a pea"

How extremely different we have grown to become from these dark-age persons who considered themselves so big potatoes, but are not now even potatoes at all, but only dusty ashes. In these so improved days, we can velocitate ourselves—(also wives and family, if any)—for 100's of miles at tremendous h.p.'s to the gallon for 1/6½. Could late Hon. Sir Hannibal have propulsed himself up and down the Alps and other high peaks for 1/6½ per the gallon, I requesh? Most negatively no; he could certainly not. Yet in the present so happy times for 10/- on a nail and 2/6 per monthly, leisure persons can acquire more rest and insteadly of performing to pad their hoofs a ½ or 1 mile for a dole, can now velocitate themselves there with minus any fatigues to their pins. Not any the less, I oraculate, waving my red flag, it are very shameful state of conditions that these so worthy and trodden-down persons should only afford to make purchase a C3 car, when wicked wealthies velocitate in A.1 Royce-Daimlers complete with bath h and c, trades-persons' entrance, billiards table, vacuum cleaner and other carnal luxuries. It makes me to be almost a pro-Moscow and boil the blood in my veins!

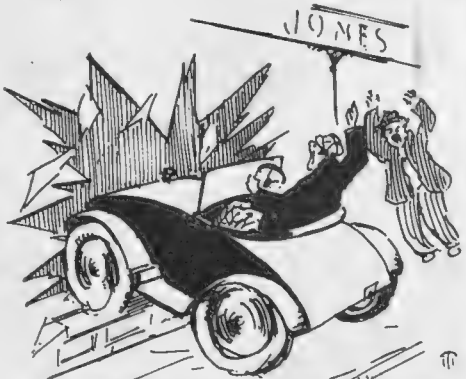
'Come, Mr. Y. Hama, kindly to imbottle your political feelings which do so great credits to your heart, but not any at all to your head," you rebark, Hon. Sir?

All so well then, I shall now produce you some goodish tippings for motor tyroes and other ignoramus persons. These are very guaranteed advices because I have become a complete motorist in all its branches from A to B. Tyroes contemplating to make purchase a car should 1-st ascertain themselves that it has self-propulsion mechanics inside it, a chassis, a tonneau for carrying sandwiches and suchly



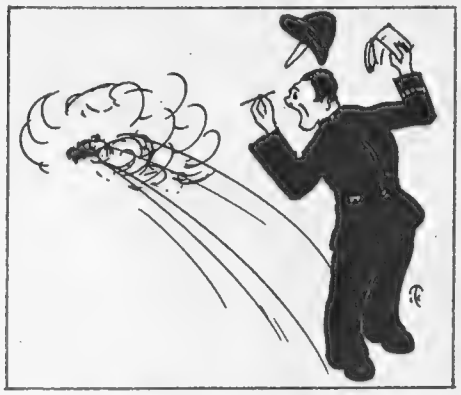

"Leisure persons can acquire more rest"

comforts, a life-savings belt and a carburetter for making the electric sparks. Saidly tyroes, howeverly, must not anticipate to grow entirely expert in a minute, but very reversely encounter at 1-st a few smallish accidents. When he has succeeded to become very accomplish (if non-killed already), he may venture himself to take the road




"Encountered at 1-st a few smallish accidents"

with Hon. family or sweetish femn he has bespoke for nuptialling. But on not any a/c should he velocitate at more than a 100 from 150 miles an



' How it appears to a police bob's eyes "

hour, otherwisely he will be mulct 5£ for breaking a speed limit, which are very serious legal crime. Police bobs have very magnified eye-sights which make them enable to see innumerous more miles per h.p. than only human persons. For instants:

" Hon. defendant was velocitating 200 miles per h.p. to the gallon, Hon. Worship."

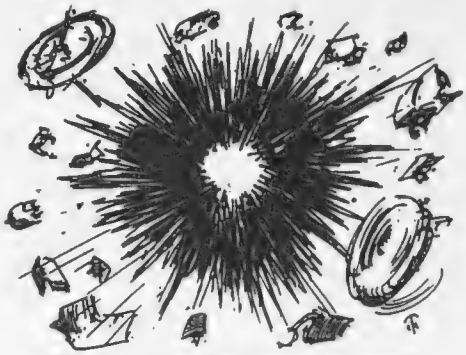
Hon. Worship: " Are this so, you rascally scoundrel of a defendant ? "

" Indeedly no, I was only doing 5 h.p.'s to the gallon, Hon. Worship."

" You are very awfully truthless, so I shall mulct you 5£ and an option. Next prisoner."

This proves to show us, that how it appears to a police bob's eyes are a very different coloured horse to how it appears to the motorist's eyes. Thusly motoring tyroes shall find it goodish policies to make a debouch when they smell a police bob trap in case they run into same and suffer severeish mulctings, or even extremely hard labours in a 2-rd division. Now for 1 or 2 several more good hintings.

Punctuations should be stopped by blowing new winds into the pipe till it are adequately swollen. (This are very beneficial exercise to weak-lung persons because it makes them to considerably expand). Magneto trouble: if the magneto causes to issue groans and squeeks, it should have some more magnetics pumped into it. Tyroes



"This are a case for a garage professor"

should make positive the sparkings plugs are adhesive, otherwisely they will not imbottle the sparks but let them all out causing the car to non-achieve propulsions; also see that the dynamo

"How it appears to the motorist's eyes

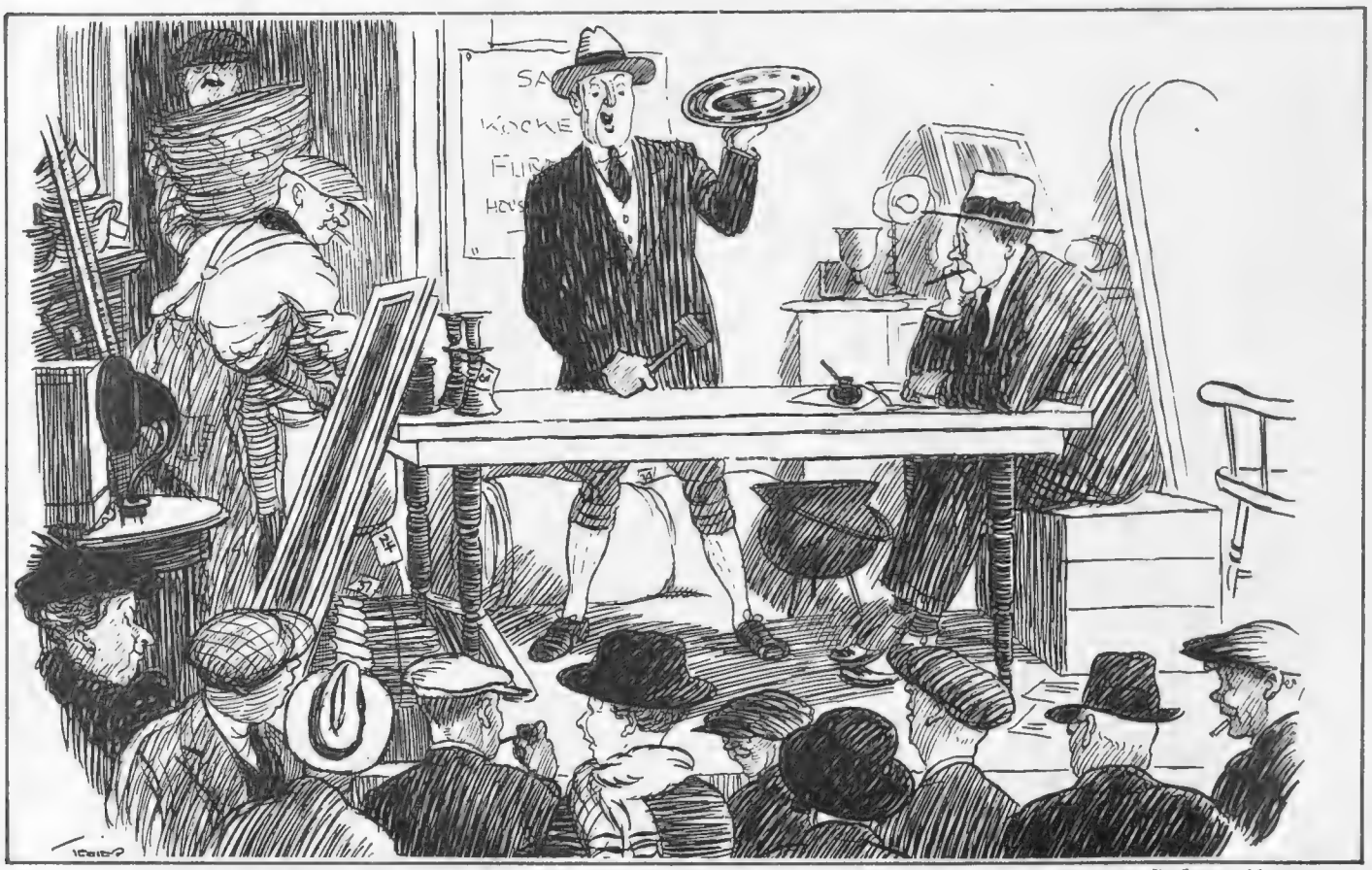
are filled with dynamics else you shall find yourself in a lurch or other horned dilemma. The tyroe should adequately learn to administer 1-st aids to his car, but if the mechanics should all at once make themselves to explode completely, this are a case for a garage professor. The cars I should advise to make purchase are—

" No, Mr. Y. Hama, I shall not permit you to insidiously insert advertisings for your secret commissions," you ensnub, Hon. Sir ?

*Pax vobiscum !* I repeat—the cars I should advise to make purchase are advertise at enormous expenses in Hon. BYSTANDER. (Ha, ha, this shall teach you to not be so clever by ½).

Hoping, Hon. Sir, you continue to non-suffer distempers, I remain,

Yogo Hama



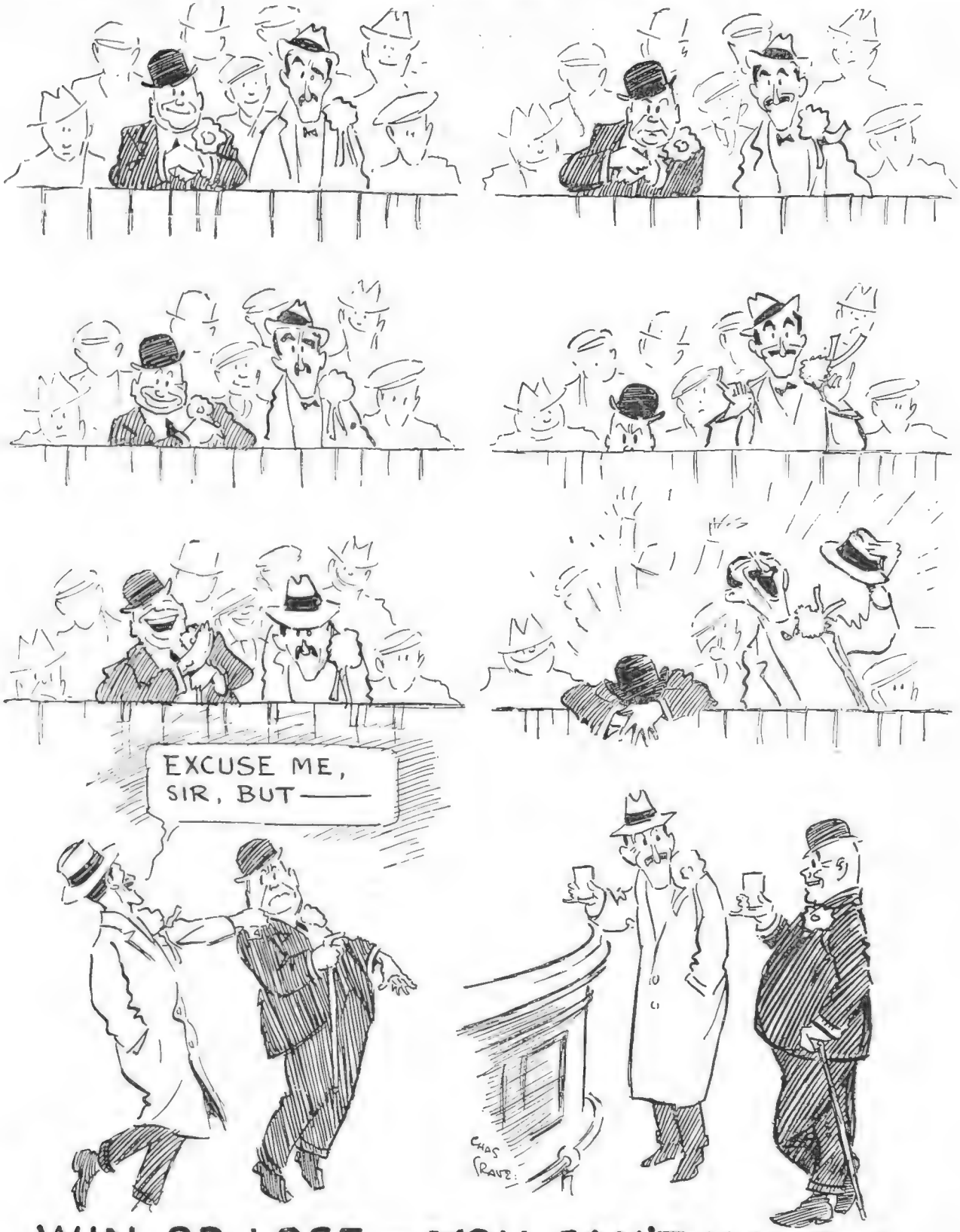
DUTY FREE

By Leslie Marchant

AUCTIONEER: "Lot 18—Ten Commandments inscribed on silver dish—owner has no further use for same——Going to Paris ! "

# THE "FINAL"

## CARDIFF CITY v SHEFFIELD UNITED




WIN OR LOSE — YOU CAN'T HAVE A BETTER "FINAL" THAN A

Worthington

# AT THE RENDEZVOUS

By JOAN DUERDEN

A CONSTANT stream of diners flowed through the lounge-hall of the Regenda Hotel, but of these a few, chiefly men, stood aside from the moving current, awaiting friends. A neighbouring church clock struck the hour of seven, and a tall, slender woman glanced automatically at the jewelled watch on her wrist.

She wondered if she had been a fool to come. Probably Violet had never given the proposed re-union a thought since they parted here as school-girls, ten years ago to-day.

Then, greatly daring, they had broken their journey across London and consumed astonishing numbers of cream pastries and éclairs—made a meal of afternoon tea. A smile curved her sensitive lips, as she recollected the shock they received with the bill. How, with trembling fingers, they had counted out their few shillings and coppers to see if sufficient would be left for a taxi to the station. Nothing had remained to tip waiter, driver or porter. She recalled the bustle and excitement of seeing Violet off on the Scotch express, the tearful good-byes, the promises, alas, broken, to write every week—then the oppressive loneliness of the crowded station until, at last, her own train puffed slowly in.

Now, as Marie stood awaiting her friend, many men glanced admiringly at her, she was so arrestingly alive. Her deep blue-eyes sparkled with happiness and life, her thick, black curls, which clustered affectionately close to her face, gave her a boyish appearance, and her lips seemed expressly designed for laughter and love.

Another ten minutes ticked lingeringly away. As each successive taxi or car rolled up to the entrance and disgorged its passengers, Marie's eyes turned eagerly towards them. The tinkle of crockery and cutlery, the hum of voices, and the plaintive strains of the orchestra, came faintly to her ears through the revolving doors of the dining-room; from the street entrance could be heard the dull monotonous roar of traffic.

Marie tapped her foot impatiently. Twenty-five minutes past seven. She would wait until the half-hour. If, by that time, Violet had not arrived she would go back to Jimmy. Her eyes grew tender, a loving smile lurked in their depths, how he had hated her to leave him, even for one evening.

Still another taxi rolled up. A plump, fair-haired woman descended and, after paying the driver, glanced anxiously around.

Marie hurried eagerly towards the new arrival.

"Violet, dear!" she cried, gaily, "I'm so glad you've remembered."

She kissed her friend with warmth and affection. Violet responded with a conventional peck and glanced hurriedly at the nearest mirror to see if Marie had disarranged her coiffure or her complexion, both of which had taken a great deal of fixing.

As they entered the dining-hall Marie squeezed Violet's arm. "Now we've put the clock back ten years, Violet," she whispered with the air of a conspirator. "Please remember that we're two giggling schoolgirls of the heavenly age of eighteen."

Violet glanced enviously at Marie's slender figure and youthful, vivid face. She realised with a stab of jealousy that she looked matronly while Marie still held all the charm of girlhood with the added grace and assurance given by experience.

Marie picked up the menu. "Ten years ago we should have ordered ices and pastries until we were stodged." She laughed deliciously, disclosing pretty white teeth.

Violet shuddered. Pastries and ices, indeed. She had a figure to consider. After much deliberation a *recherché* little dinner was ordered, and the two women sat back in their chairs and took mental stock of each other. Violet glanced from her own wedding ring to the gold band which adorned Marie's slender tapering fingers. She leaned forward and spoke in her bland passive voice.

"How funny! Though we're such old friends, we don't know each others' new names." She fumbled in her gold-mesh bag as she spoke and triumphantly producing a card from the chaos within, handed it over to Marie, who promptly put it face downwards on the table.

"I absolutely refuse to know your married name. Until we reach the coffee stage we're not married. You are still Violet Humphreys and I am Marie Forbes." Marie produced her card and put that face downwards on Violet's side of the table. "There," she said, "we'll prove that women can restrain their curiosity. We'll not turn those over until the end of dinner."

Most of the remarks during dinner were prefaced by: "Do you remember . . . ." and Marie's laugh rang out, gay and infectious. She looked an adorable imp of a schoolgirl, and, towards the end of the meal, even Violet's lack-lustre eyes glowed at the recollections of their happy schooldays, sunny days, unclouded by sorrows or responsibilities, recalled by Marie's humorous remarks.

"At least we've not remained in the ranks of superfluous women," Violet breathed complacently, as coffee was placed before them.

Marie smiled at the words and the tone. Violet had obviously been longing to steer the conversation from schoolgirl days to married life. Of old she remembered how Violet had loved to boast of material possessions, and from the expensive gown and accessories she deduced that Violet had "done well" for herself. It was what one would expect of Violet, to love placidly where there was wealth and comfort. She glanced at Violet's plump, be-ringed hand, now toying nervously with the white card before her; long pointed nails, which extended quite a quarter of an inch beyond the short stumpy fingers, and gave one the impression of claws. Marie reproached herself for such a thought, told herself she was getting "catty."

But even as Marie watched, the claw illusion seemed to strengthen and merge into reality. Violet's nails had clawed and clenched themselves into the fabric of the tablecloth. Marie looked up hurriedly, and shrank from the concentrated hatred which blazed from Violet's eyes.

"Is this your card?" Violet's voice was harsh and metallic. "Mrs. Griebe, it's rather an unusual name."

"That is my name at present, Violet, though my husband was killed during the war, and I am going to be married again very shortly. Why do you ask?"

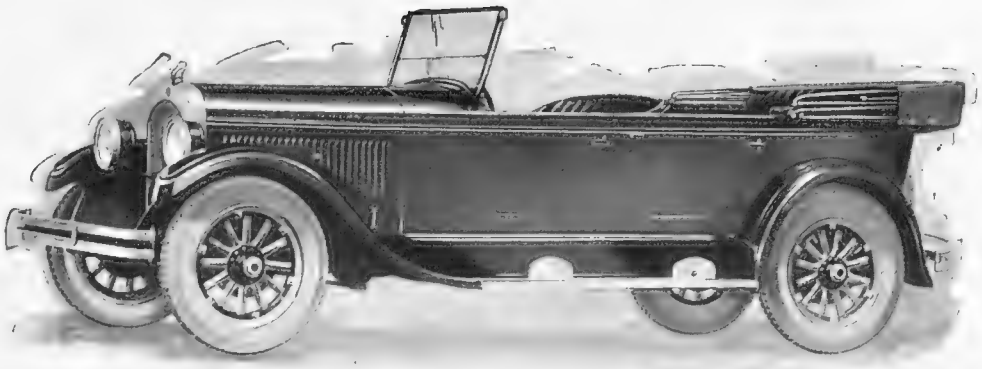
"In to-day's papers a Mrs. Griebe is cited as co-respondent in an undefended divorce case, Ashcroft *v.* Ashcroft. Are you the woman in that case?"

Marie's face crimsoned, but she met Violet's searching gaze squarely. When she had sacrificed honour and reputation—given both gladly—that she might be all in all to Jimmy, she had known that a heavy toll would be exacted by the world, but she had thought that old friends would not condemn her unheard. She replied quietly and without apparent emotion.

"Yes, I am *that* Mrs. Griebe. Why?"

Even as she spoke a sudden suspicion and horror assailed her. She reversed Violet's gilt-edged card. The ornate letters shrieked at her:—

MRS. JAMES ASHCROFT.



# How the Chrysler Six gets its power, its speed and its wonderful acceleration

You are running along at, say, 25 in your Chrysler. Put on your 4-wheel brakes. Pull it down to five miles an hour . . . to three. There isn't a tremor.

Now, put your foot on the accelerator. Softly, but clearly, surely, powerfully, the power strokes pick up. On top gear your Chrysler Six pulls away—gaining steadily, smoothly, without vibration.

Then push the accelerator all the way down. Never mind if you are travelling only two or three miles an hour; give her the "gas." There's a rush of power. You gain speed like the wind. In no time, your speedometer says 40; then 50; then 60—65—68—70—and more. *Think of it; over 70 miles an hour from an engine of 3-inch bore and 4¾-inch stroke!*

**Phaeton Touring Car - - - £465**

| | |
|---|---|
| Coupe | £575 |
| Imperial Saloon | £625 |
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| Brougham | £595 |
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We shall be pleased to arrange for deferred payments.

That's the result of balance, elimination of friction, utilisation of fuel, perfect carburetion and correctly applied thermo-dynamics—the science of heat distribution in relation to power generation.

In the Chrysler Six, every cylinder takes exactly one-sixth of the gas; every piston carries one-sixth of the working load. That means steady pull and reduced vibration and frictional resistance.

The Chrysler Six also has a special combustion chamber. This combustion chamber burns *all* the gas.

A car runs, as you know, because vaporised petrol or hydro-carbon mixed with oxygen is exploded by a spark so that the force of the explosion pushes down a piston. If you don't burn all that mixture, the cylinders, the spark plugs, the pistons, get choked up with carbon compound—and the wheels don't get all the power out of the gas. Special combustion chambers ensure no left-over unburned gas in the Chrysler Six.

Then, too, the valves are symmetrical and spaced equally distant from the centre of each cylinder, with valve seats completely surrounded by cooling water. The gas comes into all cylinders at the same velocity, and the burned gas is ejected at the same rate that the new gas is taken in. That perfect balance means flashing pick-up and marvellous speed.

So here's what really scientific engineering means to you in the Chrysler Six.

Top speed well over 70 miles an hour.

Petrol consumption 20 miles and more per gallon.

Pulling power "on top" that will pull you through the deepest sand or mud, or take you up any hill a car can cling to.

In every detail of its design and materials, the Chrysler Six is just as fine as its performance. It is the most remarkable car on the road to-day. *It could not be better built if it sold for twice its price.*

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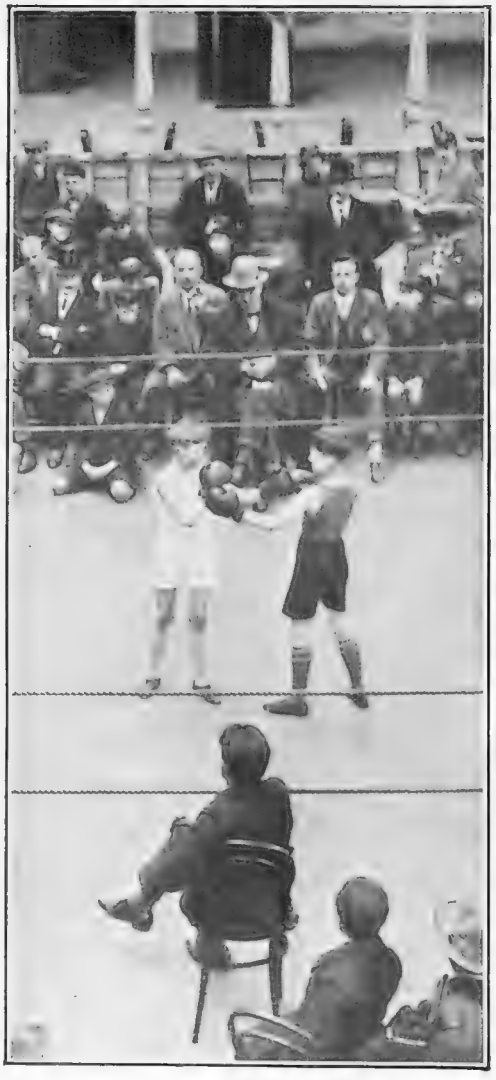
# Out-of-Doors in the World of Sport



*Sport and General*

FRANCE ON THE ATTACK

During the last Rugger international of the season between England and France at Colombes Stadium. England, with most of the luck and Luddington's best kicking foot forward, just managed to win by 13 points to 11

*Central Press*

YOUNG ENGLAND'S RIGHT TO STRIKE

A weighty affair—rather under 7 stone—during "Young England Week" at the Crystal Palace, last week. All sorts of schoolboy sporting contests comprised this interesting meeting, which was in the nature of propaganda work for securing the Crystal Palace grounds as a huge playing field for poor children

"OTTER BOY!" *Topical*

A Meet of the Bucks Otter Hounds, under the Mastership of Mr. W. R. E. A. Uthwatt, at Little Linford Bridges near Newport Pagnell recently. From all accounts the rivers of Buckinghamshire have not exactly been drying up recently; the "B.O.H." had some good sport, with a kill in the first hour

A SPORTING PAIR *C. D. Houston*

Miss K. McKane and her fiancé, Mr. F. J. Devlin, the English Badminton champion, at Buxton for the Easter All-England Badminton Tournament

# The Achilles' Meeting at Queen's Club

FIRST HOME FOR HARROW

A. C. Wills, first man home for Harrow, in the Distance Medley Race (three-quarter, half, quarter, and one mile), which was won by the Harrow quartette in 11 min. 1 1-5 secs.

SEATS OF THE MIGHTY

Lord Burghley and D. G. A. Lowe being "chaired" after Cambridge's splendid win in the Mile Inter-'Varsity relay race—due principally to Lord Burghley's magnificent individual effort

*Photographs* SHOWING HOW IT'S DONE

H. M. Abrahams, the champion sprinter, clearing 23 feet 3½ inches in an exhibition long jump at Queen's Club. V. B. V. Powell and G. F. Brockington also took part in the exhibition, Powell's being the next best effort, a jump of 22 ft. 1¾ in.

V. E. MORGAN *Sport and General*

The first man home for his team, the Oxford Centipedes Club, in the relay race, which was won by the Oxford four by a yard from the Alverstone Club, Cambridge, in 3 minutes 39 3-5 seconds

# BUCHANAN'S

*From the original painting by Lynwood Palmer.*

# "BLACK & WHITE"

"BLACK & WHITE" has a world-wide reputation based on unvarying high quality.

JAMES BUCHANAN & CO., LTD., 26, Holborn, London, E.C.1.

# The Art of the Caricature as Expounded by "Max"

"Deep but dubious impression made on Parisian statesmen by Mr. Austen Chamberlain in Paris"

"Sir W. Joynson-Hicks, still wondering that his first swift graceful gesture towards the Parks was so little appreciated"

"'Mr. Shaw's apotheosis is one of the wonders of the age.' A.B.W. in 'The Times,' July 9th, 1924"

Three caricatures from the new Max Beerbohm exhibition at the Leicester Galleries. This time, Max has trod more warily, and has devoted a lot of his art to poking fun at the bloated wealth of Uncle Sam

# RACING NOTIONS . . . By "Carbine"

*At Headquarters*

DESPITE starting under unpleasant weather conditions, the racing at the opening Newmarket meeting was highly interesting. In fact, there is never a day's racing at headquarters without its attractive features. The hero of the first afternoon was Zionist. It may be that he did not have much to beat in the Spring Stakes, but it must not be forgotten that he was carrying a very big weight, and was running over a severe course. In the circumstances his performance was highly meritorious, and he seems to have made more than average improvement since last year. Perhaps this is because the knee trouble from which he suffered towards the end of the season has yielded satisfactorily to treatment. Anyway, we now find the Aga Khan's colt a formidable candidate for classic honours. He stays so well that even if he fails in the Guineas and the Derby he will assuredly have to be reckoned with in the St. Leger.

*Ptolemy and the Derby*

IT is pleasant to know that the information I was able to impart two months ago regarding plans for the French colt Ptolemy is proving accurate in every detail. I stated that he would make his first appearance this season in the French Two Thousand and then be sent to England for the Derby. These arrangements are being adhered to. It was announced in some quarters a little while back that Ginger and not Ptolemy would be Captain Cohn's best in the Derby, but those responsible for that statement were taking a wild leap in the dark. It was only last week that Ginger made his first public appearance, and though he is an extremely attractive colt, Denman has never seriously regarded him in the light of a Derby horse. I believe that Ptolemy has progressed in the right way since I saw him at Chantilly, and I am convinced that he will be greatly admired when he appears in the paddock at Epsom. Although an exceptionally

By "THE TOUT"

F. DEMPSEY

**The Australian new-comer, who rides for Sir Charles Hyde. Judging by his successful début it looks as if he has come to stay**

big colt, he is in no sense on the leg, being splendidly proportioned, I have a great respect for his prospects in the Derby.

*The "City"*

WE look like having a very open race for to-day's City and Suburban. It is questionble whether Sansovino is quite at his best, but we ought always to keep a colt of his great class on the safe side, and if Mr. George Lambton is satisfied with his progress he may win this race as easily as he did the Derby. I have a great liking for Mr. Bliss, he is one of the gamest animals in training. I shall be surprised if he does not work his way into the first three. Evander is being strongly supported, while Cockpit was last week one of the strongest orders for the popular Epsom handicaps. A likely outsider at the bottom of the weights is Invermark, while Baton Rouge and Coramond also come strongly into the reckoning. I decide upon **Mr. Bliss** as my selection, but I shall not make SANSOVINO a loser if he appears in the field. The Copthorne Plate on the same afternoon may be won by **Noce d'Argent** and the Tadworth Plate by **Ceramic.**

*Sandown Selections*

SANDOWN PARK is sure to yield excellent sport on the last three days of the week. The Esher Cup is the chief event of the opening afternoon, and here I fancy the top-weight, **Oojah,** while the Twickenham Handicap may fall to **Synorix.** On Friday I like the chance of **Back Stair** in the Athlone Handicap, and **Ormada,** having done so well over hurdles, may take the Guildford Handicap. Saturday's programme is under National Hunt Rules. W. Nightingall's stable may take the big hurdle race with SCOTCH PEARL or WANDERING MONK, and the chief steeplechase may go to **Vive.**

# POLO NOTES . . . . . By A. W. Coaten

*Our U.S. Visitors*

MEMBERS of the American Army team have received a hearty welcome at Aldershot, where they are being entertained prior to the opening of the London season. The first of the inter-Army matches will not be played until June 20, so the American ponies have rather more than two months in which to become acclimatised. They are said to be an extremely likely lot, though they can hardly be expected to be up to the real international standard. A condition of these matches is that the ponies should belong either to the players or to their respective Governments. This is an excellent proviso, for it means that the teams will not be permitted to borrow ponies for the specific purpose of the inter-Army games. The strength of the visiting team is uncertain, as with the exception of Major Louis Beard and Major A. H. Wilson, the players are comparatively unknown. They have been selected, however, as the result of steady tests during the winter months at Miami Beach, and are young, hard-hitting players who may easily develop into a formidable combination. In any case Major Beard, who has been mainly responsible for choosing the team, is confident that the side will render a good account of themselves. The other visiting team, that from Jodhpur, have been in practice during the past week at Minehead, where they are taking part in the spring tournaments this week.

*A Loss to the Game*

NO recent occurrence has grieved the polo world more deeply than the tragic death of Lieut.-Colonel Cecil Nickalls. He was one of the most prominent figures in the game at a time when polo was at its best in this country. I doubt whether we have ever had a better No. 1 than Cecil Nickalls at his best. A brilliant horseman, he always put any amount of dash and resolution into his attack, and he had a sure command of the ball on either side of his pony. Perhaps he was never quite so consistent as his brother Patteson, but in his day he was very hard to beat. In recent years he was the hard-working and energetic manager of the Rugby Club, and he will be sadly missed there.

*County Polo*

I AM glad to learn that prospects are satisfactory at the majority of the provincial clubs. It is the ambition of every player who has a few good ponies to take part in the London season, but there is always plenty of good fun to be enjoyed at the county clubs during the summer. I hear that the Taunton Vale Club, which started their season last week, are stronger in playing members than ever before. They have laid out a second ground at Orchard Portman, and look like having a very successful time. The Cirencester Club, whose fine grounds are in Lord Bathurst's park, hope to begin practice next week, and will hold their spring tournament in the first week of June. The West Somerset season has started very auspiciously at Minehead with the presence of the Indian players. A strong programme has been arranged at the Fleet Polo Club in Hampshire, whose secretary is Brig.-General R. P. Benson. Among the various tournaments will be the Fleet Cup, beginning on May 11, the Novices' Cup on June 29, the Wellington Cup on July 13, and the Crowthorne Cup, which will be decided at the end of the season.

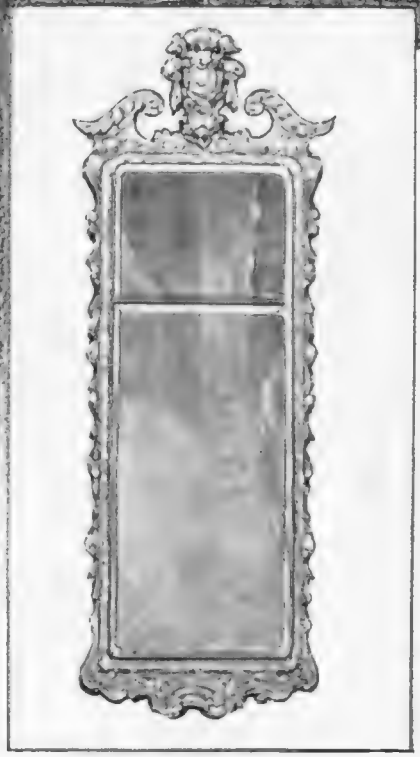
*Belted Will's Chamber, Naworth Castle.*

# The Home of "Belted Will"

HIGH on the Cumberland Fells, close by the old Picts Wall, stands Naworth Castle, the stronghold built by Ranulf Dacre in 1335 to protect the Western Marches from the raiding Douglas. Set on a rocky bluff, well guarded by a deep ravine and moat, the Castle was so strongly fortified both by Nature and by art that never once was it besieged.

Here, in safe retreat, the Dacres planned those ruthless raids into Scotland which one Lord Dacre, when summoning his retainers, artlessly described as "taking a journey." Naworth is perhaps best known as the home of Lord William Howard, commonly known as "Belted Will." Sir Walter Scott thus explains the name in the *Lay of the Last Minstrel :* "His Bilbao blade, by Marchmen felt, hung in a broad and studded belt." As Warden of the West Marches in the early 17th century, "Belted Will" applied himself with much energy to the suppression of the turbulent borderers. He also made it his business to convert Naworth from a rude fortress to a house more habitable, retaining for his own occupation the tower which bears his name.

Though seriously damaged by fire many years ago, Naworth has lost nothing of the charm with which old age invests such historic buildings. From the grey stone walls, flanked by tall towers, there is a delightful view of those distant blue hills on the Scottish border over which, nigh three hundred years ago, John Haig Scotch Whisky first came to England. Since then, its fame has travelled the world over, and to-day in every clime men praise John Haig for its consistent high quality and ripe maturity.



*Gilt framed wall mirror. Early 18th Century, designed to be placed in spaces between windows. Owing to the limit to the size in which glass could be made in those days, mirrors over certain dimensions were made in two and sometimes more pieces.*

*By Appointment.*

Dye Ken

# John Haig?

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# A Bystander among the BOOKS

By RALPH STRAUS

MISS FLORA KLICKMANN has written charming books, but *The Carillon of Scarpa* (Putnam: 7*s*. 6*d*. net) is her first novel. It contains a pleasant little story, but is written in too leisurely a fashion. It could well have been cut down to half its length. That is not to say, however, that the writer is ever dull, and she might argue, with good cause, that everybody is entitled to tell his story in his own particular way.

❋

SCARPA is one of those insignificant Balkan kingdoms which still maintain a Royal Court. Unfortunately, the King of Scarpa has daughters to support, and a microscopic revenue upon which to do it. The Princesses, however, have a shrewd lady-in-waiting who conceives the admirable idea of taking a paying guest into the Palace. Naturally the best paying guest will come from America, and naturally the American millionairess who is most suited for the purpose will be one who has not always had her millions. And so there comes to the Palace a Mrs. Potter-Poggs, who brings with her a daughter. The results of this visit might be farcical; in Miss Klickmann's story they are romantic. From a vulgar social climber Mrs. Poggs is transformed into a real, gracious woman, and from a bankrupt stretch of forest land, Scarpa becomes what our friends in commerce would call a paying proposition. The novel gives what must be a very faithful presentation of life at a minor Court. It will be enjoyed by thousands of girls, and by not a few of their parents.

❋

I AM sorry, but I find it impossible to say much in favour of Miss Barbara Cartland's first novel, *Jig-Saw* (Duckworth: 7*s*. 6*d*. net). The story follows faithfully enough the old, old tracks, things are described in the old, old way, and the whole book savours strongly of the young amateur, ignorant of the fact that a technique of some sort must be mastered. There is the usual young Marquis and the usual young wife, who wants a rather gayer career than her husband proposes to give her, and that is about all. The publishers ask us to accept the story as an inside picture of "society," but it would surely have been easy for the writer to make sure that her titles, at any rate, were correct. This is not a very important literary point, I admit, but a mistake of the kind in a book of the kind is apt to be more than usually noticeable. The Earl's daughter who married a knight, for instance, would be called Lady Constance Vivien, but never Lady Vivien. I should not mention the novel at all but for the fact that of late years a number of young people have rushed into print with the slenderest qualifications, and in the apparent belief that a novel once begun writes itself. Fifty other novels published within the last five years differ not one whit from *Jig-Saw*. Miss Cartland will not write a good book until she has learnt to depend, not on the novels she has read, but on life itself.

MR. STEPHEN MCKENNA'S new novel, *An Affair of Honour* (Butterworth: 7*s*. 6*d*. net) is very good fun. He is no longer busy with the sins of society, but tells a whimsical and just possible tale about a modern-day duel fought out on the old romantic lines—pistols, and coffee for one and a doctor with instrument-case—by two undergraduates at Oxford. As a "rag," the duel is an immense success; it is such an immense success that both Press and police take a hand in the business, and it becomes necessary for the protagonists, who are really the best of good friends, to disappear.

❋

NOW in books you generally find that nothing is easier. You just disappear. But Mr. McKenna is right in thinking that however carefully a disappearance may be staged, the time comes soon enough when the cleverest fugitive will be discovered. And so begins the real fun. For the two undergraduates are given sanctum by a jolly old Colonel who is keener on making his cricket week a success than on his duty as a J.P. It is all most entertaining, and a double love-story is deftly woven into the scheme of things. Mr. McKenna obviously enjoyed writing the book, and his readers will applaud his wit and invention.

❋

THERE are people who dislike babies—on principle. Babies, they say, are all very well in their own way, but they should be kept out of sight. The nursery is their proper abode. Certainly the nursery is their proper abode, and if the nursery be a bright jolly place, the infant will probably enjoy life in its own wilful way. But it is not everybody who can afford to have the right kind of nursery, nor is it always possible to bring up a baby in the best way. And when the baby without the right kind of nursery falls ill——. All of which is leading up to the fact that Mr. Newman Flower has written a book called, for the moment, "?" (Cassell: 7*s*. 6*d*. net), which you must certainly buy. It is all about babies, and gives you a remarkable insight into the splendid work that is being done at the Infants Hospital, Westminster. It is a gracious little book, most amusingly illustrated by Mr. Charles Grave, and it is impossible to read it without wishing to do *something* to help. And if you think of a suitable title for Mr. Flower's book, don't keep it to yourself, but post it off to the Hospital Director. In this way you may be in a position, without cost to yourself, to endow a bed in perpetuity—an honour which does not come all men's way.

"?"

**One of the many humorous illustrations from "?," the charming book by Mr. Newman Flower which deals with the wonderful work being done by the Infants Hospital, Westminster. The reader who finds a suitable title for this excellent book will be entitled to endow a bed in perpetuity free of cost**

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# A Trifle Heady

BY CHLOË PRESTON

THE HIGH-BROW AND THE LOW-BROW

# WE WANT TO BE HAP-PY . . . .

## By Blanchette

*Illustrated by HELEN McKIE*

"God bless the Squire and his relations
And keep us in our proper stations"

LONDON, *April* 20

DEAR COUSIN—

SEEMS rather a sort of *questing* atmosphere around just now, doesn't there? Partly, perhaps, one of the outcomes and aftermaths of the lately deceased holidays. Faded right away into the background of the picture, they have by now, of course, those few delectable days, as one Charles Kingsley once christened them:

Ah God, a poor soul can but thank Thee
For such a delectable day!

卐

BUT having stood, so to speak, on the summit of the mountain for a space, and gazed unencumbered on the open sea and sky with that absolute freedom only a normally prisoned "poor soul" can attain. . . . Well, it does rather give one, or quite a lot of ones, anyway, furiously to think.

卐

ONLY just "about it and about," as old Omar Khayyám puts it, and, of course, every time and evermore, as the self-same philosopher remarks, in spite of "great argument," we

Come out by that same door wherein we went.

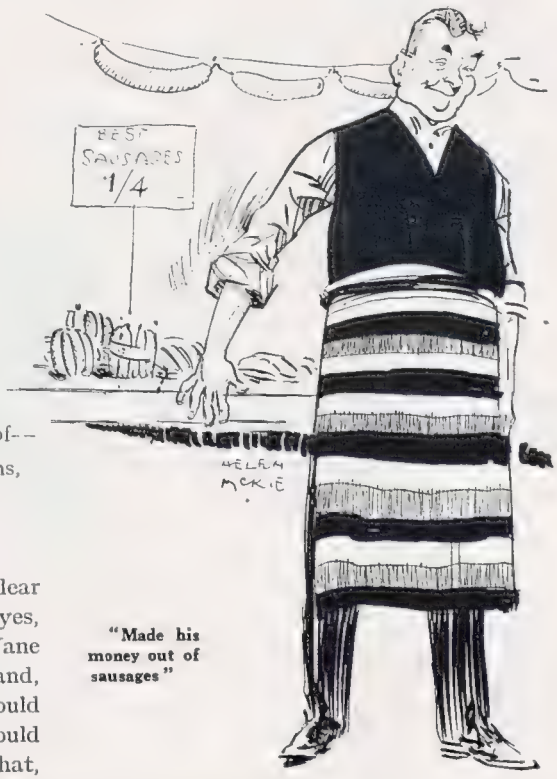
Yet even our dramatists seem to be encouraging us, some of them, in that strangely questioning, and, I suppose, springlike frame of mind. Because spring is, isn't it, traditionally connected and associated with unrest, and inquiring into things, and that kind of discontent that one of the Victorian poets, boldly flouting his generation, had the audacity to call divine. Discontent and unrest not being at all in the fashion, those tidy and well-ordered days, and the prevailing sentiment, in fact, running more or less on the lines of—

God bless the Squire and his relations,
And keep us in our proper stations.

But that's by the way.

卐

"WHAT is happiness?" says dear *beau laid*, Mr. Allan Jeayes, as the judge in the new Sutton Vane play at the Everyman, *Overture*, and, of course, no one answers—how could they? Only a psycho-analyst would venture to rush in in a matter like that, where even dramatists fear to tread, and psycho-analysis these days is getting a bit *démodé*. Besides, we have our Valiantines, haven't we, who give us information straight from the trumpet's mouth, as you might say, on all matters of—well, not exactly importance, perhaps, but simply tremendous interest, I'm sure, to all the people who *know*.




"Made his money out of sausages"

卐

BUT to return to *nos moutons*. "Is life worth living?" or words to that effect, is really the motto of this particular play. Wherein you see first of all the people who are coming on to the earth, just waiting to be born and making up their minds what they'll do there. Then they do it, flicker out, and are only too glad in the last scene of all to get back to their nests. Nancy Price has been a social success—she's acquired a rich husband as desired (only he's a little man who made his money out of sausages and she wanted a tall, slinky one) and an only daughter as per schedule—but she had expected a pretty one, and this has the sort of face and manners that frighten the birds. So she takes to brandy, and her only regret when she returns to the Elysian Fields is that her funeral was a perfect disgrace, because she left instructions that there were to be "no flowers," and no one sent any. . . .

卐

THE old-maidish lady has failed to attract the vicar she yearned after, the actor played Hamlet with a mediocre success, delightfully described as "tiring, but fine," the lovers have lapsed into all sorts of alarming things like drunkenness and murder, and even the judge, though quite satisfied with himself, has a horrid vision before the end of having unjustly sent people *à la lanterne*. Only the coster seems to have led a more or less blameless, if impecunious, life—can Mr. Vane be at heart a Communist? Not in the crude sense, I'm sure, though, or he could hardly have written such a brilliant, and, even in its worst moments, never boring play.

卐

AND, by the way, in the intervals, as a special treat—

for the Everyman, which is rather like an old barn, though the birthplace of masterpieces, doesn't usually boast of an orchestra — someone played on a harpsichord imported for the occasion that most popular air of the moment—

I want to be hap-py,
But I can't be hap-py
Unless you are hap-py too—oo. . .

Which chimed in rather appropriately, somehow, with the philosophy (if any) of the drama then being enacted on the tiny stage.

"Oh crumbs, what a life!" as one of the nice people in the above-mentioned play remarks. Right on the threshold of the season, we are now, and no mistake. This is where we toe the line, and dig our spikes well into the track, waiting for the pistol to go off, to be more or less topically metaphorical. There was an early pistol fired off last week, as a matter of fact, when they had that extremely joyous Stage Guild Ball at Covent Garden, with all the best theatre people and quite a lot of Society joining in the revels. But the (social) ball starts really seriously rolling right now.

Dances, for instance—the private sort, I mean, which are the real index of the season—they begin once more this week, with the Hon. Mrs. Walter Levy's party to-morrow as ever is, at her house in Lowndes Square. Have you noticed, by the way, a new *mode* in the dances of to-day, a negative one, to wit? Which is, that is to say, the more or less abolition or removal from our various and most beloved dance clubs and restaurants of the old-fashioned "favours." You remember those rattles and squeaky things of some two or three years ago—well, of course, they died a long while hence. But now even the shoulder-knots, and every kind of cap and mask—they, too, are destined, apparently, for the dustbin of the *Ewigkeit*, and no bad riddance, either.

"The coster"

For it's a poor heart that never rejoiceth without adventitious aids of such-like sort, and seems to be rather agreed that the only people who really have joy thereof are the opulent and ample rich (probably newly so), who can't, or won't, join in the proper sport of the moment, namely, dancing. And there's always a sort of temptation to take these said favours home afterwards "for the children"—and oh, what a sad, sad sight it is, is it not, to see these mature and complacent persons, in cars and taxis or tubes and buses, huddling to their bosoms balloons and paper flowers and toys-that-have-had-their-day?

In the Park (apropos of happiness) the daffodils are blooming, and there's a perfect rush of weddings coming on right now, with half a dozen at least this Thursday (which, by the way, is St. George's Day and Red Rose Day, and all that sort of thing). And plovers' eggs are in again (at a price), also some early strawberries, easily within reach of the purse of the humblest millionaire. And the American invasion has started, and the opera season's quite near.

This next Saturday, meanwhile, by the way—that's the anniversary of when our men first landed at Gallipoli. Ten years ago it happened—a whole ten years. Time does help to soften things. And we know more about it now, too—that it wasn't such a hopeless affair from the start, for one thing, and that if Winston and one or two others had only been properly backed up over it we might have won the War ever so much earlier, or, anyway, so some people say.

And now—so turns the Wheel of Fortune—we're all of us hanging on the once execrated Winston's lips, to hear if he'll take that bob off the income tax when the Commons meet again next week. "Can Winston do it?" as they say in *Better Days*, is the *mot d'ordre* of the moment. Only hope the answer's not the same as in the Hippodrome ballad—what?

With love,
yours ever,
Blanchette

"Strawberries for millionaires' purses"

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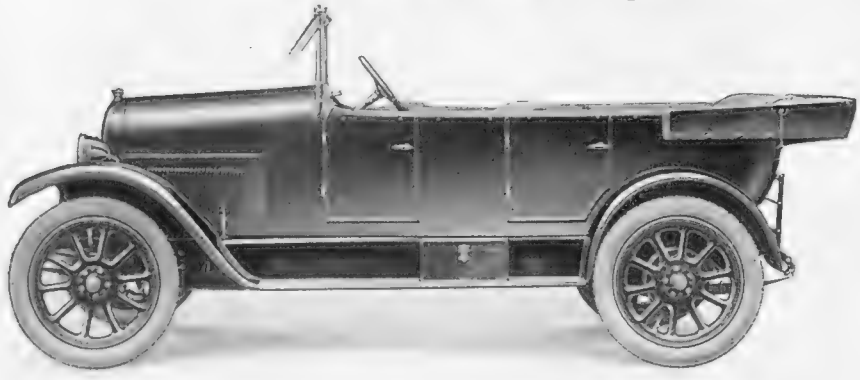

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# FEMINA

## FUTILITIES

By "CANDIDA"

*A circlet of pearls worn just below the knee is an attractive attempt to bring novelty and chic to the Parisian garter*

Is anyone contented in this world? "Lives there a man with soul so dead" as to be contented? Well, hardly. When a man does live at peace with his circumstances, then it's proof positive that something essential has been left out of his composition. We talk of divine discontent, meaning a longing for we don't know what. Nor has anyone ever discovered what, though people in books are always trying to prove that it's neither money, nor love, nor achievement, nor fame, nor any of the good things that most plain people have to live their lives without. Those who've everything that's supposed to make life worth living are at liberty to label their discontent divine for want of a more accurate label. As for the rest, their discontent is just discontent.

I DON'T suppose that it's any more fashionable than it was, though I can't help thinking that in the days when people believed things, and lived and died for them, there wasn't this general what-does-it-matterness which makes all efforts futile and achievement ridiculous. A matter of age or temperament, they say, and I suppose they're right. There are some middle-aged people who never grow old, though it can't be all beer and skittles to be eternally young (in heart) and to look like the grandmother of one's heart, so to speak. Or to be young and have the *blasé* outlook of him or her for whom life has no more surprises; though it's likely enough that when what-does-it-matterness attacks you when you're twenty, you'll end by enjoying life enormously instead of beginning that way. Providence is just.

THERE was a man the other day who traded in lace (of all delightful things) and yet complained that as a trade it wasn't either dignified or worth while. What-does-it-matterness in a new guise! One's got accustomed to it in social life, in art, and in literature, but in trade I've always thought that the proof of the worth-whileness of any undertaking was in its paying. They thrive exceedingly, the gentlemen who make hairpins, and hooks and eyes, and chewing gum, and I don't suppose they ever commune with their souls on the important subject of the world's welfare, and whether or not it's a better place for their activities. But then, don't they mostly belong to the country of the free—so-called—where souls are kept in water-tight compartments, and where, for that very reason, they pile up their millions more easily than we do over here?

TO be disillusioned about hairpins isn't unthinkable, but lace has a past as well as a present, to say nothing of a beauty that makes it obviously worth while. It all depends upon one's point of view. To some people beauty isn't an end in itself, and they manage to lead splendidly useful lives in houses where aspidistras in "art" pots of a terrific blue languish in stuffy bow-windows draped with Nottingham lace; which reminds me that the disillusioned one may have been engaged in the manufacture of what we call Nottingham lace curtains, about which it's difficult to have ideals.

IF it had been my lot to manufacture lace I'd have been proud of the job. Didn't I say that it

(*Continued on page 260*)

*Quite an "initial" success is a neat diamond-studded monogram on black velvet*

### GARTERS À LA MODE

*Three pleasing examples from Paris of the latest designs for dainty garters*

*This dainty garter novelty shows a brightly coloured handkerchief tucked through an elastic hoop*

*Photographs by Wyndham*

*Studebaker "Standard Six"*
*Coach-built Saloon*

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had a past, and what a past! It played its splendid part in Church and State. It had a finger, so to speak, in every important pie. The Archbishop's robes, I believe, were incomplete without it; it figured on the Queen's wedding veil; it cost time and tears and tons of money; it was a work of art, loved, coveted, sinned for, and paid for in sin's usual way. And now? Well, I do admit that it's a come-down from cathedrals and palaces to shop counters in Oxford Street. But what's to prevent it from soaring again? We can't go on for ever being common and paltry with our artificial silks and our imitation point-de-Venise, or point-de-anything-you-please, so long as it doesn't cost more than one and eleven pence halfpenny a yard.

IN my list of futilities lace does not happen to figure, which doesn't mean that it isn't futile from the Highbrow point of view. What isn't futile, when you come to think of it? It's one's salvation that one doesn't think, or thinks as little as possible, because if one did. . . . The sigh of the gentleman who found the grasshopper—I mean the lace business—a burden was echoed by scores of others; by journalists who had hoped their activities would mould the world's opinions and found them mostly wrapping up the fish. Even I might be depressed if I didn't tell myself every day that it must be worth while to air my views in print, instead of conversation, where they'd surely be opposed by the tiresome people one meets everywhere, the people who see things from a different angle, and are out to prove that it's a superior one.

**A LITTLE BLACK AND WHITE SPIRITS**

**Mr. R. S. Hellaby, the artist, snapped with two Fiji warriors on their native heath. Mr. Hellaby's exhibition of pictures on South Sea Island and New Zealand subjects is being held at Walker's Galleries this month**

THAT's why we welcome anything that seems to make life worth living, even for a short time. That's why there's all this talk about youth and love — especially love — which manages more than anything else to lend a varnish of worth-whileness to the drabness of everyday living. But it doesn't matter what happens in your life; it's the way that you take it that matters. It's that which decides whether it's a futile business, or the reverse. In other words, it doesn't matter how often you live and love, but how much. Which reminds me of the remark of the famous man whose name I forget, apropos of the long life of an equally famous centenarian. "Pooh," he said, or words to that effect, "I could live his hundred years in a quarter of an hour." CANDIDA

## A LOWLY POSITION

"I HAVE come down in the world, ah me!
Once, long ago, I held
A high position, as all could see;
Now I have been compelled
To sink. I soon shall be in the dust,"
Murmured the waistline in deep disgust!

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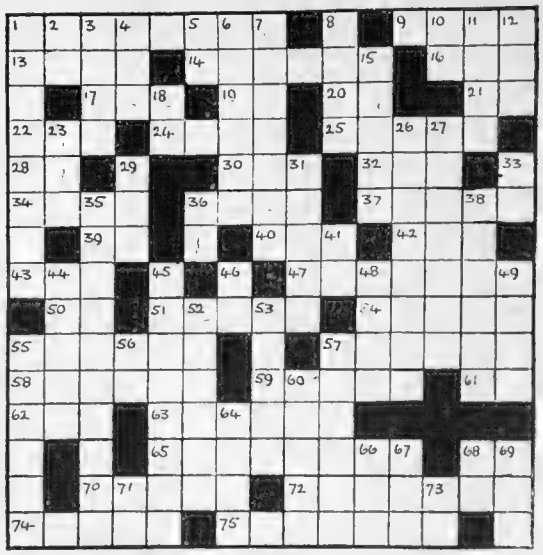
# MAINLY THEATRICAL

## "The Bystander" Cross-Word Puzzle Competition

THREE Prizes of One Guinea each will be given to the first three correct solutions opened. Fill in your solution in ink, also your name and address in the space provided.

*Solutions must be marked "Cross-words" on the envelope.* All solutions received in unmarked envelopes will be disqualified. All answers must be addressed to THE EDITOR, THE BYSTANDER, GRAPHIC BUILDINGS, TALLIS STREET, E.C. 4, and must reach us by first post on Monday morning, April 27. The Editor's decision is final.



CROSS-WORD PUZZLE No. 11

### CLUES:

#### DOWN

1. London Theatre that "discovers" plays.
2. Point of compass.
3. Helps pathos in melodrama.
4. And the rest.
5. Exist.
6. Popular Stanley.
7. What actors seldom practise.
8. The Little One.
10. Actors' Association (initials).
11. Other name, Smith: Comedian.
12. Knowledge.
15. Reminiscent of London's most famous Theatre.
18. Cry usually duplicated by the Villain. Therefore see No. 41.
22. Artistic degree.
26. One of a pair of Elizabethan dramatists.
27. What managers ask from financiers.
29. The flower of France.
31. Companies that pull together.
33. The very thing.
35. And so to bed.
36. That chap again.
38. Famous composer.
41. Other half of No. 18.
44. Zola's first name.
45. Backbone of the theatre.
46. Morning.
48. Successful London revival.
49. Plenty in old-fashioned melodrama.
52. Some say Hamlet was.
53. What the Villain deserves—and gets.
55. Nuisance in the audience.
56. Indian Army (initials).
57. Mr. Craig, the Producer.
60. Journey (German word familiar to tourists).
64. Heraldic "band."
66. The sere and yellow.
67. Female deer.
68. At the end of her letter.
69. Cockney headgear.
71. Concerning.
73. Irish Republican (Initials).

#### ACROSS

1. All together.
9. Bare fact in Revue.
13. Way out.
14. Ancient author—very argumentative.
16. Poison to Pussyfoot.
17. Reputed Irish exclamation.
19. Italian river.
20. Nell's protector (initials).
21. If.
22. Actors in the making.
24. Said of pity and love.
25. Whom successful actresses sometimes ignore.
28. Your (abbrev.).
30. Negative.
32. Small name—great actor.
34. First name of many actresses.
36. After the theatre for our elders.
37. Actresses frequently invited aboard.
39. Old Style (abbrev.).
40. Vulgar derision.
42. Prohibition headquarters in London (initials).
43. Prefix meaning "new."
47. What some actors are alleged to be doing to their parts.
50. Manuscript.
51. Great attraction in Revue.
54. Musical composition of several strains.
55. What she calls her auburn locks.
57. What her dresser calls them.
58. For ever.
59. Theatrical disaster.
61. The (French).
62. Meadow.
63. Old "Jarge" in the farmyard scene.
65. Said of some theatrical contracts.
68. The Guv'nor.
70. Endures.
72. Sings alone.
74. Gets up.
75. Cousin to Justice Shallow.

*Name*.....

*Address*.....

***The solution to our Cross-Word Puzzle Competition of April 8, with names of the five winners, will be found on page 264***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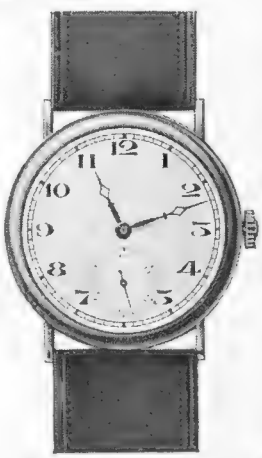

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By one of the miracles of modern British industry, these great oil resources, which once formed the centre of an ancient religion, are now bringing prosperity to Persia, and to the British motorist a secure supply of the highest grade of motor fuel.

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## MY PARTNER

Who always wants to play the hand?
Who says, "I couldn't understand"?
Who grouches so's to beat the band?
My Partner.

Who won't return my opening lead?
Who fails to trump when there's a need?
Who to my signals pays no heed?
My Partner.

Who never knows what is the trump?
Who throws me down with many a bump?
Who looks upon me as a chump?
My Partner.

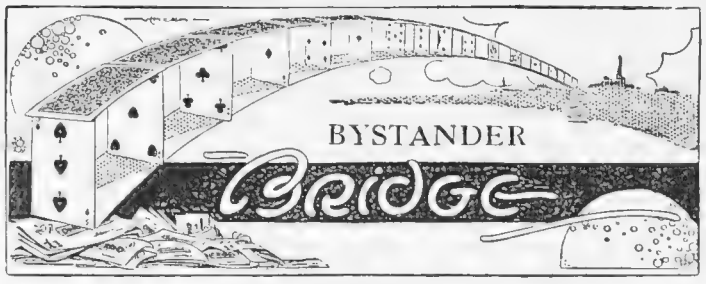
Who thinks a tenace is a sport
Played with a racket on a court?
Who never will my bid support?
My Partner.

Who always tells a tale so long
In which his partner's bids were wrong?
And how his own game is so strong?
My Partner.

Who stops the game that he may tell
Of what on Thursday last befell,
Until the others murmur: "Hell!"?
My Partner.

Who could have made a little slam,
But lost two sure tricks through a "jam"
Evoking my most fervent "Damn!"?
My Partner.

Who always fusses, fumes, and frets?
Who leaves the game without regrets
Of those who are his special pets?
My Partner.




By A. E. MANNING FOSTER

## BIDDING ON FOUR

"Is it correct," asks a reader, "to bid one of a major suit when holding only four? I dealt myself four Spades—Ace, King, Queen, 3—and nothing else of value. I passed. My partner, who has a reputation of being a good player, said I should have called 'one Spade' originally."

Now, as to the "correctness" or otherwise of the four-card major suit bid I will not dogmatise. I know many players whose opinions I respect who will have nothing to do with it. But in my opinion and in my experience the advantage of showing a solid suit at the earliest possible opportunity is so great that it counteracts any drawbacks.

. . . . . .

It is true that the bid of a major suit is an attacking not a defensive bid. A suit of four with no outside strength is not much of a hand on which to start an attack. But the dangers of the bid are apt to be exaggerated. Take it at its worst. Suppose the bid is left in and your partner has not a single trick in his hand. You make three tricks only and lose 200 points less 18 for honours. But you have obviously saved the game, and that is worth the points lost. The risk, however, of being left in under such circumstances is very small. It will not occur once in a hundred times. Your opponents are not going to leave in a bid of one of a suit if they have good cards themselves. Nor are they likely to double except informatively when the doubler's partner will take out.

. . . . . .

There is a risk, and also a slight one, that your partner, on your initial bid, may credit you with greater strength than you possess and support you too far. But here, again, the risk is well worth while taking. Your call assures your partner that you have some real strength however the bidding goes. It gives him a safe lead if your opponents get the contract, and, if he has an average hand, or even rather less than an average hand, on which he cannot bid himself, it can do no harm and may do great good. That is how I argue it out. It is a matter of strategy. When play commences, tactics come in.

But it is not enough to be a good tactician. The expert player must be strategist enough to arrange that play begins under conditions which are favourable for the use of those forces which he possesses. The bid of a four suit headed by Ace, King, Queen, as a rule, enables partners to arrive at the best offensive or to play the defence to the best possible advantage. It adds enormously to the flexibility of the bidding.

. . . . . .

The Americans have gone thoroughly into the question of the four card suit bid, and have come to definite opinions as to its usefulness. The absolutely minimum strength on which a four card suit without outside tricks can be made is four to the Ace, King, Queen. Four to Ace, King, only, is insufficient, but is justified with the holding of an outside quick trick—an Ace, or a King, Queen. Similar support is required on suits such as: Ace, King, Jack, x; Ace, Queen, Jack, x; Ace, Queen, 10, x; King, Queen, Jack, x; Ace, Queen, x, x,; Ace, Jack, 10, x; King, Queen, 10, x. All these holdings require an outside quick trick to justify an initial bid. A suit consisting of King, Queen, x, x, requires two outside quick tricks. There are various other types of four suit hands with the bidding of which I will deal next week.

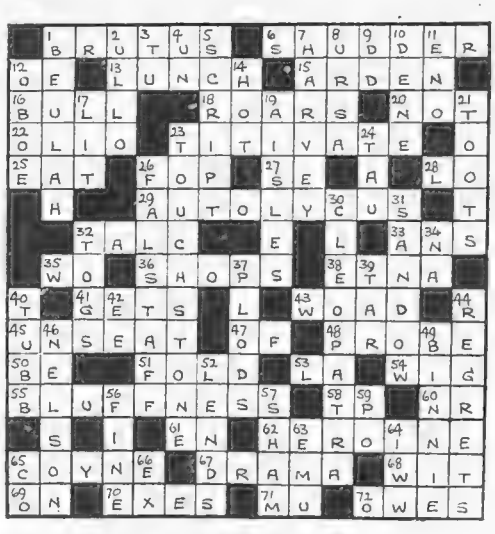
. . . . . .

A correspondent in Lower Burma writes: "A game was played in which Clubs were trumps. The Declarer, playing fourth hand, wished to trump a trick, but carelessly played a *Spade*, instead of a Club (trumps). Before the Declarer's finger and thumb had released the Spade played in error he discovered his mistake, spoke and started to withdraw it. Every player had seen it, as the wrongly played card was very near the table surface. The opponent (third player) had played the highest in the led suit and claimed the trick. Declarer protested, as his hand had not released the card. Dummy (myself) here spoke and said the trick was Declarer's, even if he *had* released the card, because opponents had not started to collect the trick—Declarer had discovered his mistake too quickly."

I think the decision of this query rests on the precise meaning of the word "quitted," which I understand as meaning that player's hand has released the card. I also understand "turned and quitted" as meaning that a trick is collected and turned over on the table in front of trick."

. . . . . .

I think there is no doubt that the Declarer had "played" the card within the meaning of Law 60—"a card once played . . . cannot be taken back, except to save a revoke." Dummy's contention was wrong as to the gathering of the trick. The fact that the opponents had not started to collect it does not affect the question, nor could the Declarer claim a trick he had not won.



### The Solution of Cross-Word Puzzle No. 9

Above is the correct solution of the ninth Theatrical Cross-word Puzzle, printed in our issue of April 8. The names and addresses of our prize-winners (the first five correct answers opened), are given below:—

Mrs. Strange, 11, Lascelles Terrace, Eastbourne, Sussex.
Mrs. F. E. Buckland, 1, Godwyn Gardens, Folkestone.
Hon. R. C. Devereux, Tregoyd, Three Cocks.
E. H. Cunningham, 5, Beresford Terrace, Ayr, Scotland.
Miss Violet Crawley, 111, Gordon Road, Ealing, W.

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# Place aux Dames

## WEIGHT FOR AGE. By "THE KENNELMAN"

THIS year's Ladies' Kennel Association Championship Show (open to all exhibitors) has been arranged for May 8 at Olympia. The Secretary's address is 425, Belfast Chambers, W.1. The classification is on a liberal scale, and the way in which specialist clubs and leading breeders all over the country have rallied to the call make it clear that this, and the big Ranelagh Show on May 19, in aid of Earl Haig's Fund, are to be two of the most important doggy-social-sporting functions of the season.

Is there any other direction, by the way, in which ladies have more notably widened and increased their activities since the War than in the breeding and exhibiting of Dogs; or, be it said, in the winning of prizes, and on the strictly practical and business side? In almost all the different breeds of Dogs, they really have achieved very marked and practical success; as well with the biggest hounds as with the littlest so-called "Toys"; as well in breeding, training and showing, as in rearing, nursing, and buying and selling. And—let this be remembered by the facetiously inclined—these practical forms of success are impossible of attainment for mere sentimentalists, or for foolish folk who amuse themselves by the "pampering" of Dogs. Sportsmanship, shrewd judgment, and steadily consistent care and effort form an unavoidable part of the price of such success: present-day competition ensures that.

Having gladly admitted which, Kennelman may be permitted to add that there still are ladies, and men, too, who have done him the honour of studying these brief Notes without as yet grasping some of the vital principles set forth in them, as, for example, in the feeding of Dogs, or for that matter of any other pedigree stock. Thus, a correspondent already known for her success in the purchase and showing of some really good Pekingese, if not, as yet, for their breeding, writes:

"My latest purchase, not yet shown, will be a big winner, I think. She weighs only 4 lbs. 2 ozs., though now in her seventh month; very healthy and beautifully shaped; and I don't see why she should ever weigh much over 5 lbs. She had been having three meals a day, but I put her on to two at once; total for each twenty-four hours, 3 ozs. of flesh and the same of farinaceous matter. Can I safely reduce this to one meal of, say, 2 ozs. of flesh and 1 oz. of starch, with, say, an evening snack of an ounce of biscuit, and so keep her small?"

Kennelman laments this enquiry, because it argues complete ignorance of the vital principles involved, which he has done his best to rub in; even as he has insisted on the evil of overfeeding. In the first place, 4 lbs. in the seventh month is quite light enough for a Pekingese. It will probably mean less than 6 lbs. at full growth, and there's no need to aim at less. Secondly—with every kind of emphasis, please—while it is legitimate and reasonable, within common-sense limits, to *breed for smallness*, it should be absolutely *verboten* to bant or starve for it. That's a cruel stupidity, far more likely to bring loss than gain, and utterly unjustifiable, anyhow. No need to over-feed, or to give more than a modicum of *fattening* food; but never consider for one instant such a principle as starving for lightness. Perfect health is the first consideration; natural development must never be checked.


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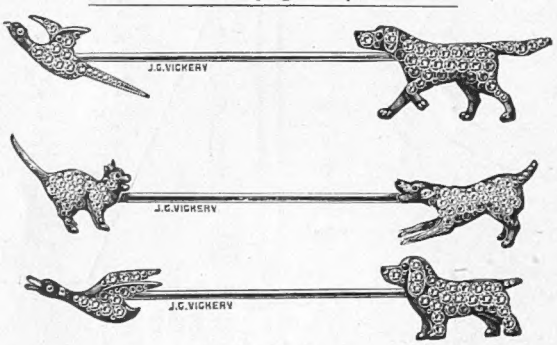


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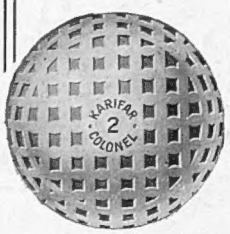


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INVINCIBLE

THEY look very much alike—they smell, they "pinch" very much alike.

Now, which will you really enjoy smoking? There is a big difference in price—but isn't the good one worth the difference?

If you can appreciate a good cigar you will pay the difference—it will pay you!

If you can appreciate the huge difference between a good light family car and one that is not quite so good, you will have the 10-23 h.p. Talbot, because it is just the very best of its kind. It is made by a firm that is not interested in Quantity. Quality made—and Quality upholds the Talbot reputation. It is cheapest in the end to have the best.

An owner whose mileage is over 9,200 miles says—
". . . . . the engine is running better than ever . . . . . The car is most economical."

**10-23 h.p. Two or Four Seater £350**

*THE complete car includes four-five seater body of the highest quality, with full equipment. Coachbuilt saloon, Weymann saloon, two seater and coupé bodies are available. No other light car embodies the beauty of design and finish with the reliability and perfect smoothness in running of the "10.23 h.p. Invincible" Talbot.*

TALBOT

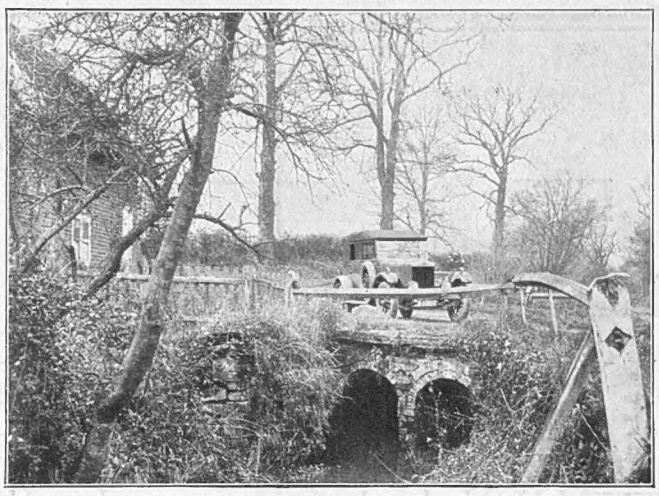
CLEMENT TALBOT LTD.,
KENSINGTON, W.10

*Telephone :* PARK 5000. *Telegrams :* "CLEMTAL, NOTTARCH, LONDON."

*"Quality in a light car is well worth the cost"*

# MOTOR NOTES

By GEORGE C. STEAD



IN THE HOME COUNTY

**A new 14 h.p. "Warwick" five-seater standard car at Little Alne, in Warwickshire**

IF a suggestion recently put forward by the Automobile Association is adopted, the parking problem in large cities and towns will practically be solved. The A.A. suggests that the spaces under public squares should be utilised as underground parking places. Practically no alteration would be made in the appearance of the square, the only evidence of the parking place being the entrances and exits. It is suggested that there should be two each of these, and they would take the form of inclined roadways. When an owner wishes to park his car he would drive it down this runway into the underground chamber and would then leave it in the space allotted to him. When he again requires the car he would drive it straight up to the street through the special exit. The A.A. have constructed an attractive little model of Leicester Square, London, showing how the scheme could be worked. The suggested charges are very reasonable, ranging from 2*s.* to 6*d.* for a two-hour park, according to the over-all length of the car. These places would only be used for parking, and no such operations as washing, replenishing, or repairs would be allowed.

* * *

THE competitions organised by the Motor Cycling Club for their members are always an enormous success. For the London-Land's End run, which took place at Easter, there were no fewer than 407 separate entries. The next event which is likely to be equally popular is the London-Edinburgh Club run at Whitsuntide. The rules for this event have now been issued and one important alteration has been made from the previous runs. This year there will be no non-stop section at all, but in its place a difficult stretch of road across the moors has been incorporated, over which it will be a somewhat difficult matter to keep to the correct time. Gold medals are awarded to those who are not more than ten minutes early or late at any point of the course. No chains or other non-skid attachments will be allowed. This event is more of a social run than a competition, and it enables members to visit Scotland under favourable conditions, with the added zest of a competition.

* * *

IT was a great pity that the weather interfered with the Easter Monday Race Meeting at Brooklands. Only five of the nine races were held, the track being considered unsafe for the larger cars. Even the smaller fry were having a fairly thrilling time on the wet concrete, and as pools of water had collected on the track, some of the races looked more like motor-boat contests. It is doubtful if any place is more depressing than Brooklands on a wet day, and the spectators, of whom there was a very large number, looked intensely miserable, huddled under any shelter which they could secure. All the races which were abandoned, including that for the

(*Continued on page* xii)


## The Three Hy-dro-car-bons

### A Serial Story—Chapter IV

IT may interest you to know the characteristics of Par-af-fin, A-ro-mat-ic, and Naph-thene.

*Par-af-fin* is the villain of the piece. He causes all the noisy "pinking" in your motor car. Naturally Shell Spirit will have as little to do with him as possible. He's not entirely a bad chap, as he does not mind the cold, and so makes it easy to start your car.

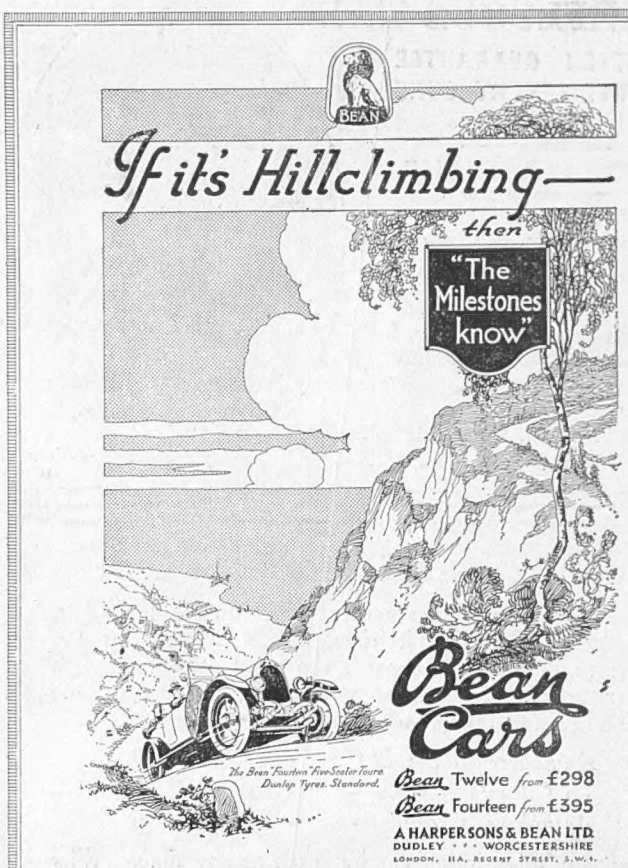
*A-ro-mat-ic* is a dainty little lady. She detests noise, and the more you have of her the less "pinking" you get, and the easier it is to climb hills.

NAPH-THENE IS A REFINED AND ATHLETIC GENTLEMAN

*Naph-thene* is a refined and athletic gentleman, as you can clearly see from his photograph. Like A-ro-mat-ic, he doesn't like noise—though he doesn't mind it as much as A-ro-mat-ic.

And so Shell Spirit is a carefully Balanced Blend of A-ro-mat-ic and Naph-thene with only a little Par-af-fin. Hence the clean valves and the easy starting, and the freedom from "pinking."

*By carefully following this short "serial" story, motorists who have long been aware of Shell superiority may now know the real reason of its predominance*

(Watch for Chapter V)

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